JOHN DICKSON CARR – WWII STORY

ESPIONAGE™

November 1985
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FIRST U.S. INTERVIEW WITH JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS
Author of "Joe Gall" Series

JOSH PACHTER
Assignment: Vienna

MICHAEL BRACKEN
Only Heroes Die

Stuart Symons
Alice Lightner
Richard Ashby
Edward D. Hoch

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TAKE A NEW LOOK

AT THE PHENOMENA OF LIFE. THE GOOD, BAD, BEAUTIFUL, AND UGLY. THE NATURAL, UNNATURAL, AND SUPERNATURAL. THE HEROIC AND VILLAINOUS. THE ADVENTUROUS, BIZARRE, GLAMOROUS, AND THE SENSATIONALLY SEXY.

NEW LOOK

AN EXTRAORDINARY NEW MAGAZINE FROM BOB GUCCIONE. ON YOUR NEWSSTAND SHORTLY.

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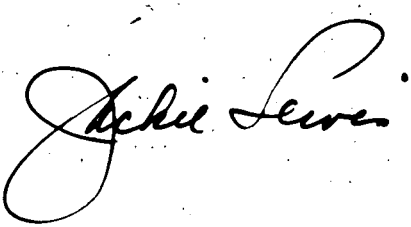
Publisher's Page

There is so much going on in the "real world" of espionage, we're hard-pressed to offer you materials to compete. However, it occurs to us that what ESPIONAGE has to offer might be just what we all need right now: fictionalized accounts of spies and their derring-do that, because we know they're fiction, we can relax with, thereby removing some of the pressure we feel when we realize there actually are people out there selling out our country — as well as those other countries in the world in which nefarious characters operate.

Perhaps a good dose of fiction, of the glamour, excitement, and humor involved in espionage *as it is fictionalized*, helps us accept the reality that surrounds us, that makes us unhappy, and makes us realize that we are as vulnerable to intrigue and double-dealing as are others. Since there is nothing we can do about this reality other than to keep ourselves informed, well then, why not recognize that fictionalized espionage is just that: fiction, and without minimizing the real-life events that confront us in our daily newspapers, sit back, relax, and enjoy it.

Enjoy particularly this issue of ESPIONAGE, because we have some rather wonderful stories inside. We especially direct your attention to John Dickson Carr's mid-'40s radio play (its very innocence is beguiling), Francis Nevins' interview with James Atlee Phillips (the man's real life reads like a fabulous work of fiction), and "Only Heroes Die" (a beautiful mood piece). We like everything in this issue, of course, or we wouldn't be printing it, but occasionally we feel there are special pieces that should be pointed to with even more pride than usual.

And thank you for all your letters. They're a pleasure to receive — and to share with our other readers. Remember, we invite your comments and suggestions. And we appreciate them.



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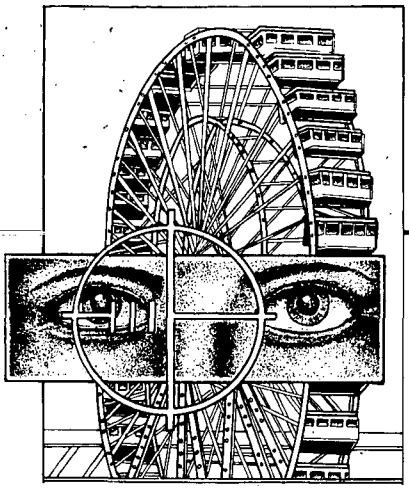

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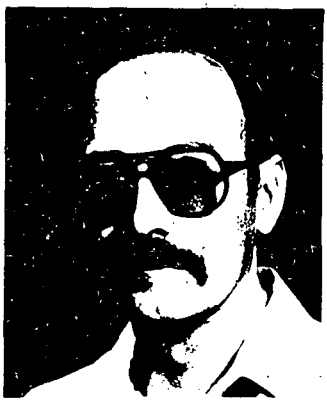
ABOUT PEOPLE

Michael Bracken, presently employed by a religious publishing house, teaches non-credit creative writing courses at Southern Illinois University. His short humor pieces have appeared in *Catholic Digest*, *Reader's Digest*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*. His short stories have appeared in *Mike Shayne Mystery Magazine* and *Oui Magazine*, among others.



Stuart Symons (aka George Edward Stanley) is Professor of Albanian and Romanian at Cameron University in Oklahoma. He has lived and studied in Europe and Africa. Dr. Stanley is best known for his children's short stories and books, and he is an active member of both the Society of Children's Book Writers and the Mystery Writers of America.

Francis Nevins (Mike to his friends) is a law professor from Missouri who has been writing mysteries (and some spy stories) for over fifteen years. With more than forty short stories to his credit, three novels, some anthology work, criticisms and editorial work, he's a busy man. Entries on Mike's work can be found in the *Encyclopedia of Mystery and Detection* and *20th Century Crime and Mystery Writers*.

We're honored to have a John Dickson Carr piece in this issue, a radio play he wrote during World War II, and we are grateful to his widow for granting us permission to publish *Menace in Wax*.

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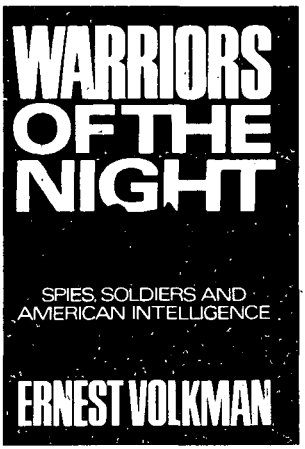
ABOUT BOOKS

by Brian L. Burley



WARRIORS OF THE NIGHT, *by Ernest Volkman.* Published by William Morrow and Co., New York, NY, 1985. HB, 443 pp.

In Volkman's latest book, he presents a well-written, highly critical history of this country's attempt to move into the intelligence field, which effort, he believes, has been an almost total failure: Americans are impatient with slow, methodical processes of information-gathering, preferring the quick fixes of gadgetry and covert operations, we waste energy in bureaucratic rivalry, and we falsely assume that our enemies share our logic and premises. In contrast, certain of our foreign rivals enjoy the overwhelming superiority that comes from long practice. As a result, Volkman says, every American president since World War I has faced at least one foreign policy disaster.

The book is especially valuable for providing a comprehensive explanation of many of the little background items that are such an important (and unexplained) part of many spy novels, and its (recently declassified) explanation for early UFO scares is very plausible. I recommend this one.

* * *

THE TOUCH OF TREASON, *by Sol Stein.* Published by St. Martin's/Marek, New York, NY, 1985. HB, 275 pp.

This is the account of attorney George Thomassy's latest case. In this one, he is defending the murderer of America's greatest expert on the Soviet Union. The KGB didn't order it, but they're on the scene, interested. So are several agents of the United States, especially the two who had been protecting the victim, Professor Fuller. Thomassy comes to dislike his client, but he is a professional, and is in for the duration. And of course, there are other

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events that interrupt the smooth flow of the conduct of the defense.

This is a novel of character, and they are all well-drawn, down to the most minor level. I got caught up in this one, feeling for the people involved. And Thomassy is a good lawyer. Certainly, if I got into that kind of trouble with the law, I would want one like him on my side.

This is a smooth, good read, not fast-paced with a lot of action, but building slowly and interestingly to its climax. I liked it, and I recommend it.

* * *

THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER, *by Tom Clancy.* Published by the Naval Institute Press, Annapolis, MD, 1984. HB, 387 pp.

It is unusual for the US Naval Institute to publish a work of fiction. This book, in fact, is the first, and is well-deserving of the honor. The author shows great familiarity with non-classified submarine and ASW technology, and uses it as the firm foundation of his novel. More important, however, is the very human structure he's built on the foundation.

Captain First Rank Marko Ramius of the Soviet Navy, known affectionately as "the Schoolmaster," is the foremost submariner in the Soviet Union. His has been the first command of each new class of Soviet sub as it has been developed, and he has trained most of the other officers in the fleet. But the death of his beloved wife at the hands of a bungling doctor changes everything. He decides that the someone-who-must-pay is the State itself. Thus begins an intricate 3-player chess game of move and counter-move under the ocean: Ramius has promised the Admiral that he and his trusted officers are going to sail the RED OCTOBER, pride of the Soviet fleet, "into New York Harbor and give it to the President."

I can find no flaws in this one, from the better-than-average binding and paper quality to the insights into Soviet and American military services and societies. I liked the characters, the great chase, the technological perspective, and the many little things

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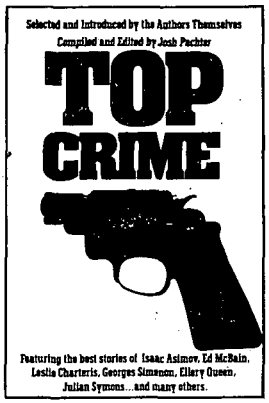
done just right. Even the lack of a love interest is a plus. Highly recommended without reservation.

* * *


Selected and Introduced by the Authors Themselves
Compiled and Edited by Josh Pachter
TOP CRIME
Featuring the best stories of Isaac Asimov, Ed McBain, Leslie Charteris, Georges Simenon, Ellery Queen, Julian Symons...and many others.

TOP CRIME, *Edited by Josh Pachter.* Published by St. Martin's Press, New York, NY, 1984. HB, 365 pp.

A reprint of a 1983 British edition, this anthology contains stories by some of the top writers in the mystery and suspense field. There are 24 short stories, each selected by its author as his or her favorite, with an introduction by each author.

It's an imposing collection. I would be hard-pressed to name my favorite, but I think it's Patricia McGerr's "Somebody's Telling the Truth:" Sanderson was a good lawyer who knew police procedure, and he was trying to get away with murder by confessing it. Also ranking high are Michael Avallone's "Every Litter Bit Hurts," in which the author demonstrates the fallacy of having unbreakable rules, and "The Specialty of the House" by Stanley Ellin, wherein we don't quite see a gruesome crime committed at the end, but know beyond a shadow of a doubt what is about to happen.

The stories range from hard-boiled detective stories to subtle little horrors that show the depth to which a human mind can sink. They're all above average. Indulge yourself.

* * *

DOUBLE CROSSING, *by Erika Holzer.* Published by TOR Books, New York, NY, May, 1985. PB, 381 pp.

Dr. Kiril Andreyev, a Soviet doctor, wanted out. He and a close friend had planned daring escapes: Kiril's from a soon to be held international medical conference, scheduled for West Berlin, and his friend Stefan's from Potsdam to West Berlin the week before. But Stefan had been killed in his escape, due to the failure of anticipated help from American agents. Kiril's brother, Colonel Aleksei Andreyev, was in charge of East block security for the medical conference and was upset by the escape attempt — and he didn't trust his foolish younger brother. Throw in an ideologically naive, blackmailable American surgeon and his

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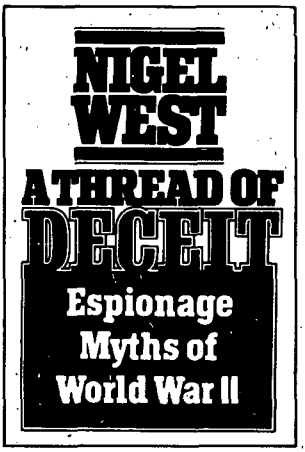
beautiful wife, and you have the makings of an exciting novel.

This novel provides an interesting, if not unfamiliar view into Soviet and East German society, and of the people who live within them. The pace is fast, marred only by the number of coincidences necessary to make the plot work. Its conclusion, if not perfect, is satisfactory. The word "satisfactory," in fact, describes the book. It is neither excellent nor awful.



A THREAD OF DECEIT, *by Nigel West.* Published by Random House, New York, NY, 1985. HB, 166 pp.

In the years since World War II, a number of books have been published describing espionage coups during the war by both sides. Many of them have been memoirs of persons involved in the events described, or persons who claim to have been involved. Often the claims have been supported by what appear to be official records.

Historian Nigel West's latest book, subtitled "Espionage Myths of World War II," attempts to bring some order to the oftentimes contradictory information which has been published in the past. To do so, he interviewed many of the participants, and drew heavily on newly unclassified official records. He gives us the rather prosaic stories behind such *legends* as President Roosevelt's advance knowledge of Pearl Harbor, Churchill's decision to not intercept the German bombing raid on Coventry in order to protect his information sources, and the true loyalties of German Abwehr head Admiral Wilhelm Canaris.

The book is an interesting, apparently well-documented account of the actions of a profession which prefers not to have its actions documented. Can we trust it any more than the sources he refutes? We may never know, but a serious student of the subject should be familiar with the book.

LEGACY OF FEAR, *by K.T. Anders.* Published by Avon Books, New York, NY, January, 1985. PB, 224 pp.

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An old time English spy is called out of retirement because a KGB agent he once worked with has a hot piece of information, and will trust no one with it except his old friend. But the retired spy was known, and was still being watched seven years after his retirement. He is killed after the contact, but his friend recovers the data from his body and decides to try again, this time requesting the Englishman's daughter. As may be expected, the contact is eventually made, and the data gets to its intended destination.

This one is not quite believable. I have complained before about plots requiring coincidences to make them work, and this novel suffers from that "disease." I also find it unlikely that a 60 year old bureaucrat, even one who was a former field agent, could single-handedly escape from and kill a young, well-trained, KGB goon and his superior, both of whom were on their guard. And the amateur heroine's antics are more laughable than exciting. Save this one for a cold winter's night by the fire, and bring another book to read.

* * *

THE THIEF WHO COULDN'T SLEEP, by Lawrence Block. A Jove book, published by the Berkeley Publishing Group, August 1984 (reprint) PB, 198 pp.

THE CANCELLED CZECH, by Lawrence Block. A Jove book, published by the Berkeley Publishing Group, December, 1984 (reprint) PB, 186 pp.

A friend of mine recommended these books to me several years ago. I tried to find them, but they were out of print at that time. Now the first two of the series have been reprinted, and the rest will follow at three month intervals. So I pass my friend's recommendation on to you.

The first book, **The Thief Who Couldn't Sleep,** introduces us to Evan Michael Tanner, a most unusual character. Tanner's sleep center was shot off in the war, so he doesn't sleep. Instead, he studies obscure languages and collects odd facts. He also collects lost causes, and has a worldwide network of quaint fanatical contacts.

Tanner didn't want to be a spy. All he wanted to do was steal 573 pounds of Armenian gold that had been hidden in Turkey since the massacres. The Turks got suspicious and tossed him in jail, thus starting a chain of events that greatly interested the CIA. Tanner knew he couldn't explain it all, so he told the CIA that

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he worked for a US Government agency so secret that he couldn't even name it. The CIA didn't believe him. They believed even less that Tanner's "employer" would extricate him from CIA clutches. But no one was more surprised than Tanner when it happened.

The second book, **The Cancelled Czech,** continues Tanner's career as a spy. Tanner tricks a bunch of Israeli agents into helping him remove a Nazi war criminal from a Czechoslovakian prison. Then Tanner has to smuggle the annoying Nazi across far too many borders. Again, Tanner succeeds because of his knowledge of odd facts and people and his incredible amounts of dumb luck.

These books are light and humorous. They are fast reading, and worth the time they take. Look for the rest of the series, as well.

ABOUT FILMS

A VIEW TO A KILL is the latest JAMES BOND movie extravaganza. It starts with a spectacular snow-skiiing scene, which is accompanied by the words and music to "I wish they all could be California girls." Then Bond is picked up by a luxuriously outfitted iceberg, and soon ends up in M's office, where Q demonstrates his latest gadget, a mobile surveillance device that resembles an extra-terrestrial animal. After that, the film gets down to business, which in this case involves an insane agent who is the result of Nazi genetic experimentation. Of course, Bond gets the girl in the end: less expected is the Order of Lenin.

The plot, as usual, proceeds with the well-oiled efficiency of a Rube Goldberg device, never really getting any place but providing ample opportunity for high-tech gadgetry and continuous action. I particularly enjoyed the San Francisco police department's madcap chase of the fire truck Bond had "borrowed." As usual in a James Bond film, the technological underpinnings are shakey, but one can ignore that. The villain is unusually evil, but that makes it more fun when the good guys win. Grace Jones, as Mayday, the villainess who changes her mind, is impressive, and Roger Moore turns in his usual good performance.

Have fun with this thing. That's what it's for.

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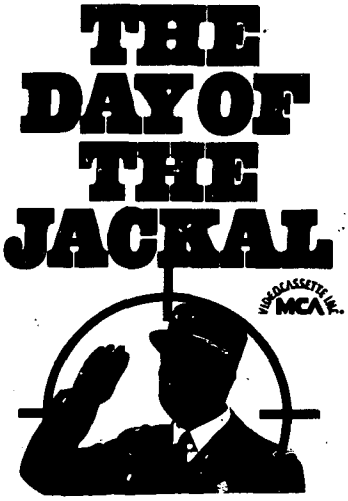
ABOUT VIDEO

by Carl Martin

Since the publication of his first novel, Frederick Forsyth has been one of the most popular authors of intrigue and suspense. A former journalist, no one would say Forsyth is an outstanding stylist, but his books are different in at least one respect: At a time when journalists and other writers of non-fiction are bringing more and more fiction techniques to their work, he leans the other way — he brings the techniques of the skilled journalist to his fiction.

The result is an illusion of reality that has never been stronger. If Forsyth says the rug in the lobby of an obscure French hotel is blue, you can be sure the hotel and the rug are exactly as described.

A movie is not the book it came from. But Forsyth's passion for realistic detail is so great that it seems to have infected both screenwriters and directors. The films from his work are notable for many reasons, not the least of which is their realism.



Four movies based upon Forsyth's writings are available on videocassettes: **THE DAY OF THE JACKAL** (MCA Home Video; 1973; 141 min.; rated PG), directed by Fred Zinnemann from a screenplay by Kenneth Ross, and starring Edward Fox, is the story of an assassination plot against France's Charles de Gaulle that every viewer knows is going to fail. The film's fascination, like the book's, lies in the step-by-step chronicle of the ways in which the emotionless hired killer goes about preparing for his task, and the equally engrossing details of the ways in which foreign security services function.

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The question is not "will he be stopped?" but "how can he possibly be stopped?" Even if you have read the book, the film is too good to miss. The transfer to video is excellent.

* * *

THE ODESSA FILE (RCA/Columbia Pictures Home Video; 1974; 128 min.; rated PG) was directed by Ronald Neame, who did a far better job here than on some of his more recent efforts. A German journalist, played by Jon Voight, is given the diary of a dead man. It puts him on the trail of a war criminal (Maximillian Schell) and the underground network that helped him and others like him evade capture at the end of World War II.

It's a wonderfully dark and suspenseful tale of intrigue, filmed in Europe where the story takes place. Again, the Forsyth devotion to realism pays big dividends. What might otherwise have been a fair film is very good, indeed.

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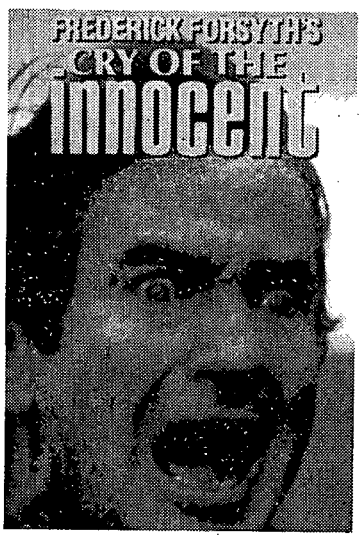

CRY OF THE INNOCENT (Media Home Entertainment; 1980; 104 min.) is one film even Forsyth fans may have missed. Apparently it went directly to television (at least in this country) and didn't have the big budget the earlier films enjoyed. It was directed by Michael O'Herlihy from a screenplay by Sidney Michaels, and was based on one of Forsyth's short stories.

A Vietnam veteran, played by Rod Taylor, is vacationing in Ireland with his wife and children. Suddenly, his family is killed in what appears to be a freak accident. Soon he discovers their deaths were caused by an act of sabotage and he begins a relentless search for his family's killers. Joanna Pettet is fine in a dual role as the wife who is killed and a reporter. Rod Taylor, as the teary-eyed, grief-stricken vet, gives his usual strong performance. The Irish background, especially the unspoiled countryside, is a visual treat.

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THE DOGS OF WAR (MGM/UA Home Video; 1980; 104 min.; rated R). Using a screenplay by Gary DeVore and George Malko, director John Irvin has put together a nicely paced film that builds momentum like a rollercoaster. Shannon, a soldier of fortune played by Christopher Walken, is hired to visit and assess the military capability of a small African nation. Is a *coup* likely or even possible?

How Shannon performs this reconnaissance, what happens to him when he does, and what occurs later, makes this one of the most chilling and action-filled films based on Forsyth's work. Walken's characterization of the pragmatic mercenary is flawless. The film unfolds almost like a documentary, piling one believable detail upon another until the viewer has the feeling he is seeing these things actually take place.

ABOUT OTHER THINGS...

Behind Closed Doors

From Washington comes word that the on-going war between intelligence and politics continues behind closed doors. A former member of the National Intelligence Council, John Horton, claims that he resigned his elite office because C.I.A. boss William Casey wanted Horton's facts to conform to Reagan's political agenda for Mexico.

This new episode adds a broader scope to the intelligence vs. policy fight since it is one of the intelligence community's own leaders reportedly forcing conformity to policy. The C.I.A. Director is supposed to be the proponent of fact over fancy, and there has been movement for legislation to ensure that top intelligence posts are no longer filled by political appointees.

Casey's rating in the intelligence vs. policy game, however, is mixed. At one time the Reagan Administration advocated a boycott of Western suppliers to the Siberian pipeline. The effort was

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still-born after the C.I.A. informed the President that the campaign would fail.

Spy Nest Fallout

The Iranian government is publishing The Spy Nest Documents, and so far, has published 17 paperback volumes that have been verified as authentic.

The published documents are the contents of the thousands of shredded reports seized by the Khomeini government during the U.S. Embassy take-over in Tehran on November 4, 1979. (Since 1979, Iran has had teams patiently sifting through millions of strips of paper to piece together individual pages.) The documents cover the period from the early 1950s to a few hours before the take-over.

In February 1979, the U.S. Ambassador to Iran, William H. Sullivan, recommended that the sensitive documents be returned to Washington, but the idea was over-ruled when the Iranian situation was thought to be improving. A member of the National Security Council and the principal staff member on Iran at the time, Gary Sick, had claimed that American officials failed to take adequate precautions and that the U.S. has been left open to blackmail. Obviously, the reports have compromised the C.I.A.'s methods of operation and have exposed agents and staff members to danger.

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Spies On The Rise

Espionage against the United States is on the rise. F.B.I. director, William Webster, states that "We have more people charged with espionage right now than ever before in our history."

At the end of 1984, there were nine people under indictment for espionage against the United States, but Government agents say that many more spies were arrested. They, however, will not be prosecuted due to legal technicalities and the Government's refusal to reveal secret information in court.

Code Name: ANDY

Arkady Shevchenko was a shining star within the Kremlin. He worked elbow-to-elbow with Foreign Minister Andre Gromyko, sat in on the Central Committee, and was privy to the U.S.S.R.'s deepest secrets. But for 32 months he worked for the C.I.A.

In 1978, Shevchenko defected to the U.S. from his post at the U.N. in New York. Since late 1975, the C.I.A. "ran" him, and he delivered a windfall of intelligence material to the West, under the code name ANDY.

Shevchenko had approached an American official with the possibility of his defection in 1975. At a follow-up meeting, the C.I.A. counter-proposed that he spy for the U.S. inside the U.N. Everything seemed to be going well until 1978, when Shevchenko was summoned back to Moscow. The handwriting was on the wall, and Shevchenko was offered asylum.

Now Schevchenko is on the lecture circuit and, in February, published his first book, Breaking With Moscow. This 370 page work describes his 32 month ordeal as a spy, as well as some of the materials he passed along to Washington, and is essentially the story of an amateur walking a very high tight rope in another Cold War espionage episode.

Security Clearances

American counterintelligence has been strengthening its defenses by reviewing the security clearance process whereby millions of Americans working in private industry are exposed to secret defense information. It was found that security checks on applicants were perfunctory and that 95 percent of the clearances were never reviewed.

The Government is also making headway by restricting the flow of sensitive documents, making them available on a very strict "need to know" basis. Further, the security community will enlarge the use of the polygraph test to help screen workers with access to the U.S.'s vital secrets.

SPY TALK: *Dummy Agent* - a non-existent agent/officer, used for deception purposes.

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Dear Editor:

Espionage fiction is my favorite type of escape literature. Therefore, I was pleased to note the appearance on the newsstands of ESPIONAGE Magazine. I eagerly read the second and third issues of your magazine and enjoyed both issues greatly.

On the Publisher's Page of the May 1985 issue, you invited readers to make their suggestions regarding the content of ESPIONAGE Magazine. Listed below, with a few brief remarks, are my own suggestions for ESPIONAGE:

1- Please expand the book review section. I suggest this change for the benefit of readers who have favorite authors whose work they like to follow closely. Also, I'm sure that the readers of your magazine would like to become acquainted with new, upcoming authors whose books might receive criticism in a larger review section.

2- Publish more interviews with today's leading writers of the espionage genre. I enjoyed the interview with Frederick Forsyth. I would like to propose that ESPIONAGE interview John Le Carre, Charles McCarry, Sean Flannery,

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Robert Ludlum, Marilyn Sharp, and Alistair MacLean. I would also welcome any short fiction by these authors.

3- I would like to see a column devoted to soon-to-be-published novels by the masters of the genre. Perhaps this feature could be entitled "Secret Developments."

4- Finally, I would like to see a regular column to be authored by a professor of English and a devotee of spy fiction. This feature would subject the great spy fiction of the past to literary analysis and criticism. The editors of ESPIONAGE might poll readers on their choice of fiction to be discussed.

I feel that the changes in format described above will make ESPIONAGE a much better magazine. I believe the elimination of movie and televison reviews might possibly make one or two of these changes in format possible.

I'd like to add that most of the fiction published thus far in ESPIONAGE has been thrilling and suspenseful. My favorite stories of the second and third issues are: "The Mentor," by Dennis Hamilton, "Hagen?" by Jack Gerson, "Twice Removed," by John Lutz. From the third issue, I especially found "The Legend," by Al Nussbaum, and Ron Goulart's "Secret of the Black Chateau" very absorbing.

I'm happy to say that only two stories in these issues have been disappointing. These are "Pension Plan," by Dan Marlowe, and "Father Adam," by Mel Washburn. So far, your magazine has come out with some really good stories.

ESPIONAGE has excelled in its sections devoted to tales of real-life espionage, as well. I enjoyed Richard Walton's "Black Madonna" article in the February 1985 issue. Ernest Volkman's articles also keep me intrigued. These real-life tales of espionage are almost as fascinating as ESPIONAGE's fiction. I hope you continue your non-fiction sections and bring in some new authors here, also.

The magazine's artwork is very good and complements the stories very well. In terms of artwork, ESPIONAGE's weak areas are its covers. I find that the magazine's covers are a bit too provocative for my taste. Please stop using sex to sell an already excellent magazine.

I wish very much that ESPIONAGE becomes the success it deserves to be. Please keep its subject matter restricted to spy stories, fiction and non-fiction. Don't let ESPIONAGE become a carbon copy of *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine*. As much as I enjoy mystery novels, especially those of Robert B. Parker and Ross MacDonald, I reserve my highest praise for novels of espionage.

ESPIONAGE is the only magazine which devotes itself to the spy story, which I have enjoyed since the age of fifteen (I am now thirty years of age). I have seen the spy story soar in popularity, when the

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famous Ian Fleming stories were first published, and plummet in the public's favor to become an almost non-existent species. Today, the science fiction and fantasy literature seems, to my dismay, bent on eliminating the spy story. It seems that readers today don't want to read stories that come close to reality, as spy fiction so often does.

It is common today to see the works of famous mystery writers being analyzed and discussed as serious literature by literary scholars. It is my hope that the best works of the great espionage writers will be likewise examined, and I feel that ESPIONAGE, with its commitment to quality spy fiction, might lead literary scholars to study the espionage tale — which will, hopefully, spread the spy stories' popularity.

I realize this is quite a long letter but this is the first time that a magazine has compelled me to write to its editors. Even if you can't take ESPIONAGE in the directions indicated in this letter, I'll keep reading your magazine.

David Miller
Bethel Park, Pennsylvania

Whew! Thanks, Mr. Miller. All your suggestions will be considered. And thanks considerably for saying you were "compelled" to write. I love it!

Dear Ms. Lewis:

Thank you for your wonderful magazine. In the May '85 publisher's page you comment that you would welcome reader comments to help you nurture your infant publication to maturity. In most instances, I pass over such comments as simple rhetoric. In your case, you seem to really mean it so I thought, "what the heck, I'll pass along my comments."

Since I do most of my reading just before bedtime, I find the length of your stories to be just about right. It allows me to knock off a story before dozing. My favorite section is "Spying Through Time." In fact, I turn to all of the non-fiction first, with the exception of the interviews which interest me only if I like the featured author. Also, believe it or not, I enjoy reading the comments from other readers, so don't hesitate to include lots of letters to the editor.

Now, I do have some ideas for material that I would like your opinion on. Being somewhat of a James Bond fan, I love gadgets! In fact, sometimes I sit around and dream up tools of the trade. Some of my inventions are so novel that friends have warned me that the CIA may give me a call to see if I've accessed their equipment arsenal. (Just kidding!)

Well, the thought occurred to me that other readers might love gadgets also and what better forum is there to read about such things than your magazine? Have you considered the following:

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1. Solicit ideas from readers for fictional spy equipment, and feature a device in each issue.
2. Find someone with a knack for creative invention and pay him/her to invent some device to describe for each issue.
3. Feature some descriptions of actual devices, the existence of which is not considered secret.

Some specific ideas I have include such devices as (a) a satellite dish transmitter which fits into the crown of a hat, (b) a transmitter which can be placed in any microwave oven to utilize the oven's microwaves to effect transmission, (c) a phone tapping device, which is built into an exact replica of a quarter, which allows someone to tap a pay phone by simply using the quarter to call, say, time service, then retreat to a listening post to pick up the transmissions, etc., etc., etc.

Anyway, these are some of my thoughts. I would appreciate hearing back from you, but will understand if you're too busy. Thanks again for the great publication.

Randy Dickason
Irving, Texas

How nice to have my publisher's statement taken seriously, particularly since I meant what I wrote. Frankly, I like your point #1 above and would be happy to have readers take it to heart and send us their ideas for fictional spy equipment. If enough of our readers respond, we'd be delighted to run such a mini-feature. Thanks. P.S. Your point #3 isn't a bad idea either. Let's see how our readers respond to both points.

Gentlemen:

Somehow I missed the appearance on our magazine stands of the first two issues of ESPIONAGE. I purchased Volume 1, Number 3, and thoroughly enjoyed it. I've ordered a subscription from your Wilmington offices. Now I'd like to get the first two issues. Can do?

Please accept my congratulations on your excellent new periodical. And best wishes that it shall not follow in the sad pattern of another excellent newcomer on the scene, that only released three issues before they went under — I refer to the late, lamented *Saint Magazine.*

Marylyn G. Yearin
Fresno, California

As you already know — and can note above — our back issues are for sale for $2.50 each. Use our Teaneck address. And thanks for the good wishes. We, too, were saddened by the demise of the Saint Magazine, and hope that you and all the other spy story lovers will continue to buy our magazine — single copy or subscription — so that we can avoid that dreadful fate. It's not enough to put out a good magazine; people have to know it's there and have to buy it. Not to get too serious, but that's how publishers

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stay in business, and that's how readers get to enjoy their favorite reading material.

Dear Editor:

When I walked into the local newsstand last December and saw the premiere issue of ESPIONAGE Magazine, I was greatly overjoyed. I love to read spy stories more than anything else. And so far, you haven't let me down. The stories are marvelous and the illustrations are clear. Ron Goulart, Jack Ritchie, and all of the others are terrific writers. The game pages are a marvelous addition to the magazine. Keep up the good work.

Larry Oliver Keyser Jr.
Plymouth, Indiana

Thanks!

Dear Jackie:

Wow! I got my subscription issue of ESPIONAGE today. What a super magazine! The look — the feel — everything!! It's on the stands here in town and I think it's doing well.

George Stanley
Lawton, Oklahoma

Dear George — Thanks! It's nice that even our writers like us well enough to write!.

Dear Editor:

For the record, I first got word of your magazine from the ads in *Omni*. I'm happy to report that Volume 1, Number 3, May 1985, has reached us here in Japan via the AAFES exchange stores. Should be an excellent market.

You're doing a class act. The variety offered by both content and format was a pleasant surprise; other digests could learn from you.

ESPIONAGE deserves success. I'm glad to see the letter column; and the May Publisher's Page, by Jackie Lewis, encourages because these days too few publications pay much attention to the lowly readers, let alone ask for responses. Such an attitude seems right on target from where I'm lurking.

Again, congratulations and best of luck.

E.R. Stewart
Japan

Thanks, Mr. Stewart! We're delighted you found us way out there in the Far-East, and we hope that our other non-home-based American readers will like ESPIONAGE as well as you do. As to comments from our readers: we design the magazine but believe that readers of a particular, narrowly defined genre (such as espionage) will have strong opinions on what they hope to find in such a magazine, and we're therefore interested in knowing what they are! If good changes can be made, we'll be happy to make them.

Dear Editor:

I picked up a copy of the May

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ESPIONAGE at the newsstand and was very impressed. The new features, the reviews, and letters to the editor, provided a nice counterpoint to the fiction. The cover was eye-catching and the interview was excellent. It was a very good issue and I'm looking forward to the next one.

Mike Romesburg
Morgantown, West Virginia

We're happy you like the new additions to our magazine. And particularly pleased that you liked the interview. I believe Mr. Forsyth sounded like a real person, not an egocentric with a new book to push.

Dear Ms. Lewis:

I've been reading your magazine faithfully since it first appeared at the newsstand. You don't know how long I (and, I am sure, many others as well) have waited for such a magazine. Though I read great amounts of both fiction and nonfiction, fiction in a magazine format is much harder to find than nonfiction. I have always envied those who were able to live in the time of the pulp magazine, when dozens of mystery, spy, science fiction, adventure and general fiction magazines were available.

Ralph E. Vaughan
San Diego, California

We felt the gap in magazine publishing as well, especially since the largest selling genre in book publishing seems to be of the espionage type. Hang in; there are many many good spy stories coming up in ESPIONAGE.

Dear Editor:

I was so swept-up by "Best Sellers Guaranteed" that I wondered if it was truly fiction! Keep up the great writing!

K.T. Maiwaldt
Plainfield, NJ

What can I say? I loved the story myself!

Dear Sirs:

I must first compliment you on your fine magazine. I like a good spy thriller and your magazine is just what I've been looking for. What I would like to know is how I could get a copy of your first issue. I didn't discover ESPIONAGE until well after the second issue was published. I would really like to start at the beginning, so I am writing to you, hoping that you can help me out.

Cam LiDestri
Syracuse, New York

At this point, Mr. LiDestri, all of our back issues are available for $2.50 each. Simply send a check or money order in the amount — in U.S. funds, please — to our back order department, P.O. Box 1184, Teaneck, NJ 07666. And thanks!

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Our

One of the most controversial figures of the Second World War was Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, Chief of German Military Intelligence (the Abwehr). While there is no doubt that Canaris used his highly sensitive post to subvert the German war effort, his motives are still unclear. Despite 40 years of research, and access to tons of German documents, no one is sure if Canaris was a super-patriot who risked his life trying to save his country from a madman, or a traitor, pure and simple.

In his excellent biography of Canaris, called MASTER SPY, British author Ian Colvin concluded that Canaris first welcomed the rise of Adolf Hitler, but soon became disenchanted with the over-riding evil of the Nazi regime and tried his best to overthrow it.

In another book, called THE GENERAL WAS A SPY (about General Reinhard Gehlen), German authors Heinz Hohne and Hermann Zolling generally agree with Colvin. Canaris, they wrote, broke secretly with Hitler during the Czechoslovakian crisis in 1938 because he was convinced Hitler would destroy Germany in a suicidal war with England, France and the United States.

Other German writers are bitter about the role Canaris played in the defeat of their country, claiming he exerted a malignant influence over decisions made by the German General Staff and, for a time, Adolf Hitler. Periodically, articles have appeared in some West German magazines theorizing that Canaris was "bent" by the British Secret Service

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Man In BERLIN

By Robert P. Kissel

as far back as the First World War, although there is no known supporting evidence. It *is* a fact, however, that much of the Canaris story is still in the secret files of the British Secret Service and the American Office of Strategic Services (O.S.S.) and may never be made public.

Otto Skorzeny, a much decorated General in the S.S. during World War II, wrote in his memoirs that "Wilhelm Canaris betrayed his country's military secrets directly and wittingly from the beginning to the end of his career."

In his book, FLAME OF FREEDOM, German writer Eberhart Zoller described Canaris as "one of the most interesting men of his time; as wise as a serpent, as pure as a dove."

Sir John Wheeler-Bennett, with connections in the British Secret Service, called him a "gray fox." French General Louis Rivet, one-time head of French Intelligence, described him as a "trapeze artist."

An Italian military attache in Berlin during the war termed Canaris "extraordinarily intelligent, but without any scruples."

Even Canaris' brilliant deputy in the Abwehr, Colonel Hans Oster, once confided to friends that "even I do not have his full confidence."

Anthony Cave's biography of Wild Bill Donovan, head of the O.S.S. during World War II, reveals that Donovan secretly met several times with Canaris during the war, but never spoke openly about the meetings or his opinion of Canaris. He did acknowledge, however, that Canaris could not be

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trusted even when he readily furnished German military information to Allied intelligence.

In the German scheme of things, the Abwehr was a counter-intelligence apparatus staffed by military people working quietly around the world at espionage and intelligence-gathering. Everything changed abruptly in the early thirties, however, when the dreaded Gestapo was formed. Inevitably, there were clashes between Conrad Patzig, Canaris' predecessor in the Abwehr, and Reinhard Heydrich, a former naval lieutenant whom Himmler appointed Chief of the Gestapo. Although Himmler is generally regarded as founding the Gestapo, it was actually the perverted Heydrich who developed the structure and the ruthless methods that made the organization the most feared police force in the history of the German nation.

The friction between Patzig and Heydrich involved areas of responsibility, with Heydrich constantly encroaching into Abwehr matters, with no clear line drawn between military and domestic espionage. Finally, in 1934, Heydrich ordered the Abwehr to replace Patzig, with the full approval of Hitler, himself. Admiral Erich Raeder; Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy, was told to furnish a successor; he immediately picked Canaris.

Raeder had good reasons. First, there was Canaris' outstanding record in espionage in World War I, then his skills as a negotiator, and above all, his long-standing friendship with Heydrich that went back to their days together in the Navy in the early twenties. Heydrich had been a cadet at the same time as Canaris, and they spent several months together on sea duty in 1922. (When Canaris became Chief of Intelligence, he located Heydrich's naval service records. Among the more interesting items uncovered was the fact that Heydrich's father was half-Jewish. Canaris kept the records in his safe and, in his own obtuse way, let Heydrich know that he was aware of his background. The information was priceless. Heydrich was hated and feared by everyone in the Third Reich, but Canaris enjoyed his special favor.)

It is worth noting that in Germany, prior to both world wars, the post of Chief of Intelligence was traditionally held by a high-ranking naval officer: When Hitler came to power,

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he was content to continue the tradition because he mistrusted the proud and aristocratic Junkers who controlled the Army.

The appointment of Canaris pleased Heydrich and Himmler. The Gestapo's dossier on Canaris catalogued him as an implacable foe of Communism, and his World War I record was outstanding. There was also nothing in his political background to indicate any radical leanings. Wilhelm Canaris was a short, slight, soft spoken man of 47 with snow-white hair, a reddish, lined face with an upturned nose, and perpetually inquisitive light blue eyes. He was the exact opposite of the arrogant, iron-jawed Prussian types traditionally associated with the German military. And he was a rarity in the Nazi hierarchy; he was an intellectual, was well educated, had traveled abroad, and understood history. He irritated his Nazi colleagues by telling them that the industrial capacity of the U.S. was beyond their comprehension. When the Japanese bombed Pearl Habor, he did not join ecstatic Nazi leaders in toasting the Japanese victory. At a War Council in 1942, with Hitler present, Canaris jarred his listeners with this prediction:

"Gentlemen, as a naval officer, I know the immense capacity of the American shipyards. I predict that within 18 months, the Americans will have replaced their losses at Pearl Harbor."

Hitler was not impressed. William L. Shirer has written that the Fuehrer had a low opinion of the U.S., once telling his toadies that the "U.S. is a decayed country, half Judaized and half Negrified. How can one expect a country like that to hold together?"

Canaris' first doubts about Hitler surfaced two years after his appointment as Chief of the Abwehr. In 1937, Hitler decided that in order to consolidate his position as dictator, he would have to break the political power of the stiff-necked Prussian Junkers who controlled the German Army. With help from the Gestapo, Werner von Fritsch (Commander-in-Chief of the Wehrmacht) and Werner von Blomberg (the War Minister) were framed on charges of moral delinquency. Canaris was outraged by the crude methods used to ruin the careers of two highly respected and innocent men. He decided that unless Hitler were brought down, he would destroy not only Germany, but Europe itself.

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Canaris' first known move against Hitler was to allow a minor Polish intelligence agent to photograph 150 secret German documents detailing an attack-to-come on Poland. When the agent delivered his prize to his superiors in Warsaw, however, it was ignored. They suspected Canaris had planted false information.

No one knows exactly when Canaris made his first tentative contacts with the British Secret Service, although they probably occurred while Hitler was orchestrating the Czech crisis in 1938, which Canaris feared would lead Germany into a war it could not win.

Fully aware of the risks involved, Canaris sent a few trusted friends to European capitals to alert France and England of Hitler's true aims in Czechoslovakia. But the British had their own dossier on Canaris, dating back to World War I, and rejected his overtures.

Undaunted, Canaris sent another trusted friend, Ewald Kleist, on a secret mission to London to warn the British of Hitler's designs on Czechoslovakia. Kleist got short shrift from key government figures; he was able to talk only to lesser lights, but he did see Winston Churchill (not yet in power) and warned him that unless France and England backed the Czechs, the country was lost. He told Churchill that despite Hitler's tough talk, Germany was not yet ready for total war. Churchill recognized the danger and gave Kleist a letter to take back with him as evidence of good faith. When Neville Chamberlain went to Munich in 1938, to secure "peace in our time," Canaris was devastated.

Canaris kept trying. Another agent, Colonel Heinz Bohm, was sent secretly to London early in 1939, when Hitler began threatening Poland. Canaris' move was exceedingly dangerous. At the time, England swarmed with German agents working for the Gestapo, none of them known to the Abwehr. Canaris was well aware that if Bohm's mission became known, the Gestapo would be knocking on his door in the morning.

Bohm's mission was a failure also. There was simply no one in London listening. Secondly, they had still not ratified their mutual assistance pact with Poland, and had an out if they wanted one.

Canaris persisted. In June 1939, he sent two direct messages to British Intelligence, warning them that Hitler was

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about to conclude a non-aggression pact with Josef Stalin. Nothing was put on paper, and to this day it isn't known if the British used the information. (It has been disclosed in histories of World War II that the British later tried to warn Stalin of a German invasion, but it is not known if Canaris' warnings had anything to do with that.)

On August 22, 1939, Canaris was summoned on short notice to see Hitler at Berchtesgaden. Also present were top generals, admirals and industrial leaders. Hitler made a long, frenzied speech. He was going to invade Poland. If there was no real reason to do so, he would invent one. He did not believe France or England would intervene, and if they did, so be it.

Like most of the others present, Canaris left the conference visibly shaken. He vowed to redouble his efforts to topple the madman from power.

The next day, the world was stunned to learn that Hitler and Stalin had signed a non-aggression pact. Then, instead of backing down on their treaty with Poland, as Hitler had anticipated, England's Parliament quickly ratified the document, setting the stage for the war Canaris had done his utmost to prevent.

Even after the Polish invasion, Canaris kept trying, and finally was able to set up communications with British agents in neutral countries. He never leaked information which could be traced directly to himself, and he never mentioned German troop movements, strengths or new weapons, but the information he passed along convinced the British that they indeed had a window into Berlin.

Canaris' most reliable contact with the British was through a trusted confidante, Joseph Mueller, who had solid contacts in the Vatican and elsewhere in Rome. Since Mueller was assigned to the Abwehr's office in Munich, his frequent trips to Rome did not arouse the suspicions of the Gestapo.

When rumblings of a German invasion of Norway reached Canaris' ears, he sent Colonel Hans Oster, his deputy, to Oslo to warn the Norwegian government. Like the Poles earlier, they did not trust Canaris and refused to take the warning seriously. Soon after, the British Secret Service in Bern was given detailed reports of German troop movements, naval concentrations in the Baltic, and the Luft-

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waffe's role in the coming invasion. Months later, British Intelligence boasted that they had had 48 hours advance notice of the German invasion of Norway; unfortunately, the British were too weak militarily to do anything about it.

As the war wore on, Canaris continued to play a risky game. When Hitler prepared to invade the Low Countries in 1940, Mueller was sent to Rome to tip off the British, the Belgians and the Dutch. The Belgian message came close to disaster. Mueller relayed his information to a Belgian diplomat in Rome, who foolishly sent the information to Brussels by cipher telegram. Unknown to Canaris, the Gestapo had broken the Belgian diplomatic code months earlier. The message arrived in Berlin about the same time it reached Brussels!

When Mueller returned to Berlin, he was horrified when Canaris showed him a memo from Reinhard Heydrich, demanding to know who had tipped off the Belgians. To placate Heydrich, Canaris ordered an immediate investigation. He appointed Joseph Mueller to head it. It was a master stroke. Mueller was nearly as wily as Canaris, himself, and the investigation was so cleverly botched that Heydrich eventually lost interest.

The question became academic anyway. The Blitzkreig had by then swept through Holland and Belgium, and then France, almost unopposed. Now only England stood between Hitler and the subjugation of Europe. And the British Army was in tatters, having left most of its weapons and equipment on the beaches at Dunkirk.

Probably Canaris' most damaging move against Hitler occurred during the planning of *Operation Sealion*, the German code name for the invasion of England. By August 1940, most of the invasion plans had been worked out. Once again, Joseph Mueller turned up in Rome. By now, the desperate British were all ears.

In his book, THEIR FINEST HOUR, Winston Churchill wrote that they knew about *Operation Sealion* months in advance of the projected invasion date. So complete was Mueller's information that, aside from a handful of admirals in the German Navy, the British knew more about *Sealion* than most of the German Army leaders!

Canaris' intelligence reports had a profound effect on German planning in that they were exaggerated or pure fic-

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tion. These reports were regularly fed to all three German armed services and, at all times, vastly overrated the strength of the British Army. By the spring of 1940, Abwehr figures were doctored to show that the British had 40 combat divisions ready to repel any German landing, even after Dunkirk. As late as October 1940, the British Army in England could not have mustered more than 16 combat divisions. The German Army's own figures disputed Abwehr calculations, but not enough to cast doubts on the Abwehr's efficiency.

Abwehr reports also painted a glowing picture of the morale and fighting readiness of the British Navy. Canaris warned that the British would throw every available warship into the battle to prevent a landing in England. Canaris'

Himmler ordered the arrest of all suspected "enemies of the Reich." Among them were Joseph Mueller, Hans Oster, Ewald Kleist, and Wilhelm Canaris.

presentation played on a long-standing German fear of moving an army over water. On land, a defeated army could retreat. At sea, there was no place to go but down. A whole army could be lost in a matter of hours.

As history records, Adolf Hitler lost interest in *Operation Sealion*, much to the relief of the German Navy. Admiral Raeder was well aware that his fleet was not strong enough to land an army and keep it supplied without having supremacy in the Channel. Even the boastful Hermann Goering, head of the Luftwaffe, backed off, because the R.A.F. still ruled the English skies.

So, it was no accident that, at this stage in the war, Hitler turned his maniacal gaze eastward to the Russian Steppes.

Simultaneously, the first thoughts crept into the disordered minds of Hitler and the Gestapo chiefs that the performance of the Abwehr left much to be desired. Suddenly, from new information gleaned from German Army in-

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telligence in Switzerland, the inflated estimates of British Army strength published by the Abwehr became suspect.

At last the Gestapo and the Nazi Party's own intelligence service, the SD (Sicherheitsdienst), were aware that a lot of German military information was getting through to the British. They suspected a well-entrenched underground of spies and traitors and began counter-intelligence operations, code named *Schwarze Kapelle* (Black Orchestra).

On October 23, 1940, Adolf Hitler met Francisco Franco of Spain at Hendaye. The subject of their talk was the possible entry of Spain into the war, allied with Germany. Once involved, the Spanish could wrest control of Gibraltar from the British and control the Mediterranean.

But Franco resisted Hitler's threats and declined to join the war. Hitler, himself, may have been primarily responsible for Franco's surprising stand, inasmuch as he had sent Canaris to Madrid for preliminary talks with Franco a few days prior to the Hendaye meeting. But Canaris' message had its own flavor. He told Franco that despite outward appearances, Germany was not strong enough to force Spain into the war by military means. When the conference opened, Franco was already primed.

Canaris' activities in Madrid escaped notice until a pro-Nazi Spanish general, in Berlin a few weeks later, made an off-hand remark that blamed Canaris for talking Franco out of joining the war. The incident was duly recorded by Himmler, who asked for a detailed report on Canaris' activities before, during and after the Hendaye confrontation.

Canaris caught wind of Himmler's action and kept a low profile for the next several months, attending strictly to Abwehr business.

But in the spring of 1941, Canaris suddenly turned up in Bern. It was a time of unbearable tension in Europe because of ominous reports that trainloads of German troops, armor and artillery were rumbling through Poland toward the Russian frontier. At a social event in Bern, a friend asked Canaris if Germany would attack Turkey, as had been hinted in the German press.

"No," replied Canaris, "it will be Russia."

This highly indiscreet remark was intended to be just that. He knew it would get back to the British Secret Service. Early in April 1941, Churchill sent his personal envoy to Moscow

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to personally warn Stalin that Hitler intended to invade Russia. The warning was ignored by Stalin, who suspected a British trick. At midnight, June 22, 1941, the German Army crossed the Russian border at several points, catching the Red Army completely by surprise.

Unknown to Canaris, Himmler had learned of his loose talk in Switzerland prior to the Russian invasion, and had decided to take steps. Walther Huppenkothen, a member of the Reich Security Police, was ordered to make a quiet investigation of the whole Abwehr organization.

Canaris was alerted immediately and saw to it that Huppenkothen was fed reams of conflicting information about Abwehr activities. The investigation never got off the ground because, by then, the unexpected reverses on the Russian Front caused a wave of defeatism to infect the once-proud Wehrmacht. Every available agent in the Gestapo was assigned, and infiltrated into, army divisions verging on mutiny in the snow and cold on the Russian Front. But Huppenkothen's investigation, although ineffective, had furthered the suspicion among the Nazi hierarchy that perhaps one of their own needed watching. Canaris received special attention from those in the Gestapo charged with monitoring the activities of the *Black Orchestra*.

Then, in the spring of 1942, an event occurred which had a mortal effect on the career of Wilhelm Canaris. Reinhard Heydrich was assassinated by Czech patriots in Prague. His successor as Chief of Gestapo was Ernest Kaltenbrunner; the immunity which Canaris had enjoyed vanished overnight.

Kaltenbrunner told Canaris bluntly to clean up his organization because the Abwehr was not only inefficient but suspected of conniving with enemy agents. Canaris became uneasy and again assumed a low profile. Then, early in 1944, an incident occurred in Istanbul that had far-reaching effects on Canaris' life. Ironically, Canaris, himself, was not directly involved.

At the time, the deputy chief of the Abwehr in Istanbul was Erich Vermerhen, whose wife was a countess from a Catholic family active in *Black Orchestra* groups in Germany. Consequently, the Vermerhens were under continual scrutiny by the Gestapo. Becoming alarmed by this scrutiny, they defected to Cairo on a British plane, carrying with them

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the secret code books of the Abwehr.

The defection shook Nazidom to its foundations. Immediately, Canaris came under suspicion. The Gestapo pressed him for an explanation: Why was a known security risk like Vermerhen allowed access to Abwehr code books? Canaris promised another investigation.

The showdown came unexpectedly and in a way that even Canaris could not have anticipated. A few weeks after the Vermerhen defection, he was summoned to a full-dress War Council, with Hitler presiding, and ordered to give a comprehensive assessment of the military situation on the Eastern Front. Canaris arrived laden with intelligence reports, charts, graphs, and statistics dating back to the Russian invasion in 1941. As usual, he was pessimistic. According to records of the meeting, Hitler challenged him quickly.

"Are you saying that we are going to lose the war?" he asked.

"No, mein Fuhrer," Canaris replied carefully, "I am merely explaining the military situation and the state of our armies as it exists."

The reply incensed Hitler. Other matters surfaced involving the Abwehr's allegedly poor performances in certain situations. What exactly did Canaris say to Franco before the Hendaye conference? Himmler wanted to know why Joseph Mueller spent so much time in Rome. Keitel, Chief of Staff of the Wehrmacht, accused him of purposely inflating British Army strengths in 1940. Canaris was dismissed on the spot and his reports confiscated.

Many of Canaris' friends begged him to leave the country, but he refused.

On July 20, 1944, with American and British forces advancing steadily into the heart of Germany, and the Red Army already in Poland, there was an unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life during a conference at army headquarters in Rastenburg. Everyone connected with the plot was executed and the jittery Himmler ordered the arrest of all suspected "enemies of the Reich." Among them were Joseph Mueller, Hans Oster, Ewald Kleist, and Wilhelm Canaris.

Canaris remained in jail in Berlin until February 1945, when he was taken to a prison camp at Flossenburg. During the time he was questioned relentlessly by the Gestapo,

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other agents burrowed into Abwehr files, trying to find incriminating evidence against him.

But nothing was found. Canaris had covered his tracks well. Eventually, Kaltenbrunner became impatient with the lack of progress being made against Canaris. With the situation growing more tense, by the rapid advance of the American Army toward Flossenburg, Kaltenbrunner's hand was forced. On April 8, 1945, there was a short trial in the camp — a mockery even by Gestapo standards — and Canaris was tried and convicted of high treason. The next day, he and several others were taken from their cells at daybreak and hanged in the prison compound. Canaris was given special attention. He was hanged in an iron collar for half an hour, taken down, revived, and the process repeated until he was dead.

The bodies of Canaris and the others were immediately burned on a wooden pyre near the cells. One of the cells contained Joseph Mueller, whose execution was postponed due to the headlong advance of the American Infantry into Flossenburg. Kaltenbrunner and the Gestapo officials departed hurriedly and Mueller escaped the gallows.

Later, Mueller said that his worst moment at Flossenburg occurred as the corpses of Canaris and the others were being burned in the open air. The ashes of his dead friend floated in through the bars of his cell and settled around him.

There is no way of truly assessing the damage which Wilhelm Canaris inflicted on the German war effort. Only part of the story has been told, and the rest may likely be buried forever in the still-secret files of the British and American intelligence agencies.

Using the accepted definition of High Treason, Admiral Canaris, because he fed secret information to his country's enemies, was guilty. But a man's sense of decency can lead him into strange paths. Canaris was a highly intelligent, sensitive man whose ideals were outraged by the hideous spectre of Hitlerism. Apparently he concluded that as terrible as a German defeat might be, a victory for Nazism would be worse. It is possible that Canaris had his own definition of High Treason; one which would have found him *innocent*.

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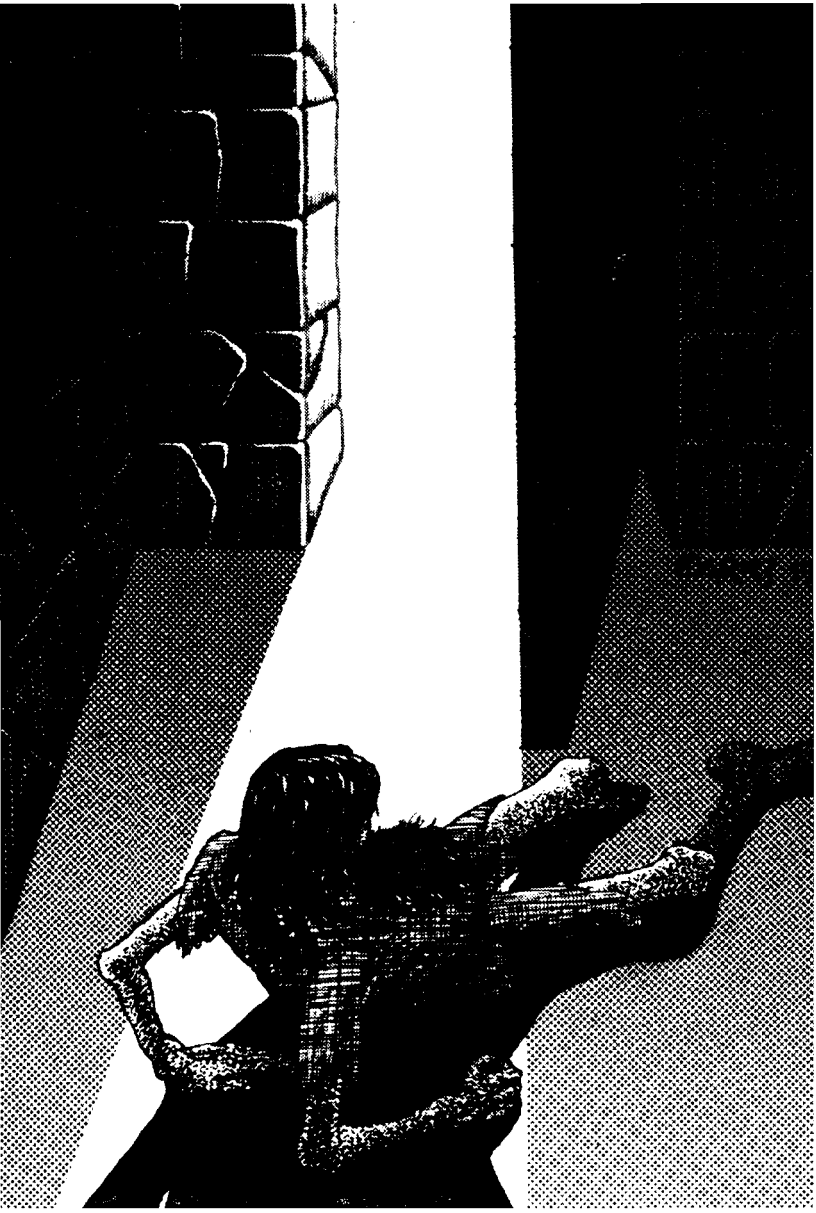

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ONLY HEROES DIE

by Michael Bracken

Black. The absence of color. The absence of light. A cell of five feet square. Stone walls cold and damp. Oaken door a foot thick. At the bottom of the door, deep gouges where fingernails have scraped.

The ceiling, stone and rotted oaken beams, ten feet above the floor.

The floor, also stone. In the center, a hole. From the hole, the stench of urine and feces and vomitus.

On the floor, his body curled around the open hole, lies a man. Emaciated, with sunken cheeks and sallow complexion. Bloated belly. Black hair flecked with grey; sparse, tangled, and shoulder-length. Scraggly beard. Thin fingers touching one wall, the sole of one foot pressed against another. Nearly naked, he shivers.

There are two sounds: water from the ceiling monotonously striking the floor and the man's labored breathing. There were other sounds when he moved, but now he does not move.

Once he had known his name. Now he does not. Once he had known great secrets. Now he knows only the cell, the water, the hole. Once he had been important. Now he is forgotten.

There was a time he had crossed the cell in three simple strides. A time he had tried to climb the damp stone walls

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to the ceiling, his fingers forced into the crevices, his fingernails jammed with moss and lichen. A time he had stood. Now he cannot pull himself to his feet.

His legs have begun to atrophy. When he moves, they drag behind him. When he moves, it is only to circle the hole in the center of the floor. The hole in the center of his universe.

At first, he'd been taken out of the cell once a day. Then, once a week. Then not at all. Time passes for all men. Some keep track, some do not. He did. He does not now. He cannot. It no longer matters.

He shifts in his sleep. His elbow strikes the stone wall. He wakes. Thirsty, he licks at the water pooled on the floor near his head. Soon he returns to sleep.

He does not dream.

The door opens. Two soldiers stare at the sleeping man. He wakes, and huddles against the far wall, hands over his eyes, screaming. He cannot focus his vision: he sees only a blur of light. He cannot understand the soldiers: he hears only sound. His own screams are alien, his own voice foreign. His throat grows raw and strained.

Once he would have attacked the soldiers. This time he does not, and cannot even remember the times when he has. Once he would have sworn at them in three languages. This time he does not, and cannot remember the words or the things the words stand for.

"He is gone," says the first soldier. "He is of no more use."

The second soldier nods. They have taken secrets from the Lieutenant Colonel, secrets they believe to be true. But they are not true. The foreigner had been clever, at first; later he had simply forgotten. He told them half-truths and lies. Now he tells them nothing. Now they do not ask.

When the soldiers turn to leave, they do not close the door. Their footsteps echo along the corridor. They laugh.

A thin shaft of light violates the dark square of the cell. Slowly, the man crawls across the stone floor, presses against the heavy oaken door, forces it closed.

The soldiers joke about promotions as they walk down the corridor, rejoicing in their destruction of the man. Once, the man might have admired their skill. Once, he might have laughed with them and laughed at them. Now he cannot. In his universe — a black stone cell five feet square and smelling of excrement — neither they nor he exists.

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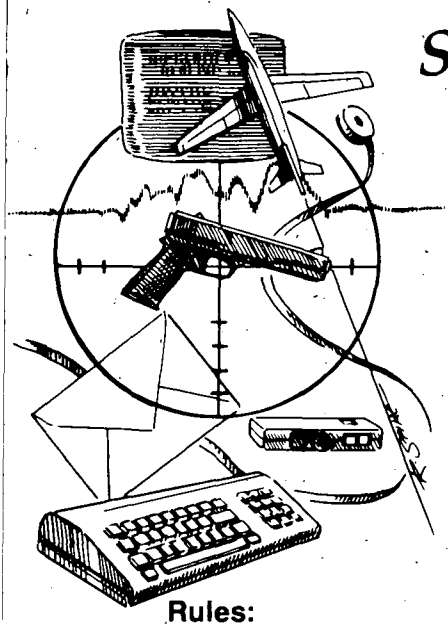
The editors of ***Espionage Magazine*** *are pleased to announce their*

First Annual SHORT-STORY CONTEST



for full-time and part-time students at American Colleges and Universities.

1st Prize:
$200 and publication in *Espionage*

2nd Prize:
$100 and publication in *Espionage*

3rd Prize:
$50 and publication in *Espionage*

Rules:

1. All entrants must be currently enrolled as full- or part-time students at an American college or university in the U.S. or abroad, and must be non-previously published writers.
2. All stories submitted must be original and previously unpublished, and should be suitable in content and style for publication in *Espionage Magazine*. (Students are advised to familiarize themselves with the magazine before writing a story for this contest. Single issues are available at many newsstands, or a one-year subscription may be ordered for a special student rate of $12.00 from *Espionage*, P.O. Box # 1184, Teaneck, N.J. 07666. Include the name of your college or university on your order.)
3. Submissions should be no longer than 4000 words, typed double-spaced on one side of a sheet of paper only. Please do not use onion skin or erasable paper. The entrant's full name and address, and the name of the college or university s/he attends should appear on the first page of the manuscript.
4. Submissions should be addressed to *Espionage Contest*, P.O. Box # 1184, Teaneck, NJ 07666, and must be postmarked no later than December 31, 1985 to receive consideration.
5. Winners will be notified by mail on or before June 1, 1986. The winning stories will be published during 1986. All rights to winning stories will be the property of the publisher.
6. Submissions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

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DEBRIEFING JOE GALL: A CONVERSATION WITH JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

by Francis M. Nevins, Jr.

A few months past seventy, James Atlee Phillips looks like a Hemingway code hero who somehow made it to the golden years. He's built like a bear, has a Texas-scratchy voice (thanks to Scotch and cigarettes as well as a Fort Worth upbringing), and projects an aura of having lived much and hard. In reality, of course, the best known part of his professional life has been spent behind typewriters, and he's familiar to devotees of espionage fiction as author Philip Atlee, creator of the Joe Gall spy novels.

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ESPIONAGE: I guess the best place to begin is where *you* began. You know, the most complete reference book there is on mystery writers is *Twentieth Century Crime and Mystery Writers* (1980 edited by John Reilly). It has a one thousand-word essay on you, which is the longest they give anybody, but the biographical entry on you is two words long: "Born 1915." So could you start by saying a little about your background?

PHILLIPS: I was born on January 8, 1915, in Fort Worth, Texas, the second son of a lawyer who later had two more sons. I attended high school in Fort Worth and was enrolled at the University of Texas when I was fifteen years old. It was at midterm, and I turned sixteen when the new term began. I went to Texas for a year, then to Texas Christian University for two years, then to the University of Missouri at Columbia for two years. At the end of that time, in 1939, I went to work in New York for Billy Rose, the showman. He had run a show down in Fort Worth that was called the *Frontier Centennial* and it was an enormous success, one of the first of the great water shows. I went to work for him in New York at the World's Fair, where his Aquacade played to about 14,000,000 people in two years.

ESPIONAGE: What kind of work did you do for Billy Rose?

PHILLIPS: I was a second-string publicity man. Michael Mok was the chief publicity man, a very fine writer who's still working; you see stuff by him every now and then. It was our job to get the Rose name and the Rose activities in as many New York newspaper columns every day as we could, and in the news columns as legitimate news whenever possible. We also handled a great deal of national publicity on Rose and his operations all across the country.

ESPIONAGE: Then you were working for Rose when your first novel, *The Inheritors*, came out?

PHILLIPS: I was. It had been mostly written before I went to New York. It came out in early 1940, published by Dial Press. I had been working for Rose since the World's Fair opened in 1939. In an article in the *Texas Monthly* in 1981, A.C. Green, who is a noted critic, picked it as one of the best books written about Texas.

ESPIONAGE: So, from that mainstream novel you moved on to your first mystery novel, *The Case of the Shivering Chorus Girls* (1942)?

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PHILLIPS: That was written in about ten days. I had a job with Billy Rose but I was going up to Harlem most nights after our supper show. I traveled extensively in Harlem late at night, something that you could never do now, and in order to get some quick money I wrote *The Shivering Chorus Girls.* I wrote it simply — it was a culling job. I did a lot of submissions to Dorothy Kilgallen, Walter Winchell, and Leonard Lyons. We would send five or six items to these columnists, and one of them, preferably the most interesting, would have Billy Rose's name in it, so if we were lucky we got to plug him. I also used to ream out acres of background stuff about newspapers blowing through Times Square around the statue of Father Duffy at midnight. So I just pulled all that stuff out and used it as background in *The Shivering Chorus Girls.* I really didn't have a whole lot of new writing to do on it.

ESPIONAGE: After *The Shivering Chorus Girls* you didn't write any books for several years. How did you spend World War II?

PHILLIPS: In 1940, I went back to Fort Worth. I was the operations manager of Hicks Field, which was a primary training contractor for the U.S. Army Air Force Services. We trained four thousand pilots a month. I was there at Hicks when Pearl Harbor happened. Then, a bit later on, I met Owen Johnson, a vice-president of Pan American Airways, who was passing through Fort Worth. He was picking up people for the China National Aviation Corporation, CNAC, which was preparing, or had just begun, to fly from India over the mountains to China — Kunming, Chungking — because there was no other access to China. The seas were blocked, and it was the only way China could be supplied. I signed on with them and was in China for two years.

ESPIONAGE: And then . . .

PHILLIPS: I came back and joined the Marine Corps. When I went through Parris Island, I joined the staff of *The Leatherneck,* the Marine Corps official magazine, and was an associate editor there for nearly two years, until the war in Europe was over. In that capacity, I traveled with a photographer all over the United States and the Canal Zone, even Alaska. I was directed to go to Okinawa, but Marine headquarters would not let me go out of the country because I had just come out of two years in a war zone over

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in CBI. Although we were a civilian airline, we'd been flying through a combat area in the China-Burma-India theatre of war.

ESPIONAGE: But even while you were in the service, I believe you were selling stories to *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines.

PHILLIPS: I was. I sold quite a lot to *Argosy* and *Blue Book*. I was selling stories to *Collier's* when I went to CBI, and just when I entered the Marine Corps camp, I had a story appear in *Collier's*. ("Lend-Lease Christmas Tree," *Collier's*, Jan. 1, 1944.)

ESPIONAGE: How did you break into the top magazines?

PHILLIPS: I sat down and analyzed the stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Collier's*, and I decided that my best approach would be through sports, because I was a participating athlete in a good many sports. So I wrote mostly sports stories and Westerns. I did some rodeo stories like "Trick and Fancy" (*Collier's*, Jan. 13, 1951), which is about a rodeo event called, "Trick and Fancy Riding," and "First Blood" (*Collier's*, July 7, 1945), which is about a boy who rides a bull in a rodeo competition.

ESPIONAGE: Nice supplement to your Marine pay. What did you do after the war?

PHILLIPS: I moved to Mexico, to San Miguel de Allende, in the state of Guanajuato in north central Mexico. I kept making a couple of sales a year to *Collier's* and the others and that was all I needed. For $60 a month I had a house with about fourteen rooms, three baths, a sala, a comedor (kitchen), two patios, tile all around everything. . .

ESPIONAGE: You had a family then?

PHILLIPS: Yes. In 1940, when I was at Hicks Field, I married the daughter of a doctor in Fort Worth. Our son Shawn was born in '43. I was still living in Mexico when I wrote my next book, *Suitable for Framing*, which is an adventure novel with a Mexican setting. It was published in 1949. We were divorced that year and I returned to Burma.

ESPIONAGE: What did you do over there?

PHILLIPS: A fellow I knew from the war, named Roy Farrell, had been given a contract by the government of the Union of Burma to bring in his own airplanes and fly military charter and transport for the government. He had a fleet of amphibians based in the Philippines, and he called it "Am-

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phibian Airways." I was managing director and operations manager for him in Burma. We were paid at the rate of $330 per flying hour, which is the highest price that had ever been paid for that kind of work. Now, those damned planes wouldn't hold many soldiers or a hell of a lot of cargo, so at those prices it was a steal. When the Burmese civil war was over, we flew out the Burmese treasury, which was in U.S. dollars and Swiss francs, and left there and sold the airplanes, which were pretty well worn out, and got out free. It was a perfect operation. Got the planes shot at a lot, but nobody got hurt.

ESPIONAGE: Then your experiences in Burma gave you the background for your next book, *Pagoda* (1951)?

PHILLIPS: Yes, I wrote that when I came back from handling the Burmese airway, and it was the first appearance for Joe Gall. But when I did that book I had no thought of creating a series character. I simply wanted to use the material I had absorbed from the government of the Union of Burma when it was fighting for its independence.

ESPIONAGE: Where did you go after Burma?

PHILLIPS: In 1951, I moved to the Canary Islands and leased a very beautiful villa on the main island of Tenerife, on the Atlantic Ocean side. There was a beautiful black sand beach below the house. I lived there for three years, during which I married a Swedish baroness in 1952. Baroness Hermelin her name was. We were divorced in '58.

ESPIONAGE: Wasn't it around the early Fifties that you started getting involved with the movies?

PHILLIPS: Right after I came back from Burma, I guess it was, and before I moved to the Canaries. I had had a two-part golf story in *Collier's* ("Just Like I Hate Money," *Collier's*, July 23 and 30, 1949), and this make-up man named Layne Britton called me from Hollywood at midnight, one night. He was drunk. A lot of drunk people call me at night. And he said: "I thought that was a wonderful story. I'm a movie producer." And I said to him: "Mr. Britton, I'm delighted to hear that you're interested. Do you always do business at this hour?" And he said: "Yes. I'm going to sell that story for you. If I do, will you piece me out, will you give me something?" And I said: "Certainly." And a few days later, somebody from RKO called and asked me if I'd take $10,000 for a movie option on the story. I said I certainly would, and

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they sent me a check, and I sent a check for $2500 to this make-up man, Layne Britton, that I'd never seen. They never made a movie out of the story as far as I know.

ESPIONAGE: What was your next movie deal?

PHILLIPS: Well, again nothing ever came of it, but John Wayne got in touch with me after *Pagoda* came out — that was in 1951 — and he wanted to make a movie out of it, and he asked me to do a treatment on it. So I sent him a 60-page treatment. And while that deal was up in the air, Robert Mitchum called me and asked if I wouldn't come out and talk to him about doing a moonshiner picture with him. I think that Layne Britton character had done make-up on a Mitchum picture and told him about me. Anyway, I was in Mitchum's dressing room batting around this moonshiner thing when John Wayne called me from Hawaii and said he had a hell of a problem and could I help. That's how I got involved with *Big Jim McLain*.

ESPIONAGE: That's one of the Red Menace espionage pictures of the McCarthy era, isn't it? What did you do on that one?

PHILLIPS: Wayne was in Honolulu doing *Big Jim McLain*, which was the first independent picture of Batjac, his own production company. And he said to me: "My writer's in the bar, I've got a payroll over here of about $22,000 a day; he doesn't have anything written and he's in the bar downstairs, and any time I speak to him all he'll say is that he hopes I get cancer." And I said: "Well, Duke, you can't shoot much of that, can you?" And he said: "No. Will you fly over here?" And I said yeah. I didn't have any idea what was going on, but I flew over there and they gave me a suite in the Edgewater Hotel and told me what had happened. It was simple anti-Communist baloney, so I sat down, and he got me two stenographers, and I'd dictate for four or five hours at a clip. All it was was cars coming in and out of drives and furtive-looking heavies trying to bash the United States' dream of freedom. Want to know what sold Wayne on it?

ESPIONAGE: Keep talking, keep talking!

PHILLIPS: He said: "Now, I understand that we're doing this so fast it can't be much good, but how are we going to open it?" And I said: "Well, you're going to show a launch leaving the shore and going out to a platform, and then the camera's going to go over the platform and pan down

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"When I was at Texas Christian, my English professor, Lorraine Shirley, sent a collection of my poems — called *The Metal Forest* — to be entered in the Yale competition for younger poets. Well, I didn't win it, I won second place, but what I treasured was that I got a letter from Stephen Vincent Benet, who said that he'd thought mine had been the best but that he'd been overruled. That was highly important to me because I thought he was a great narrative storyteller."

slightly until you can see the battleship that was sunk at Pearl Harbor, the *Arizona*. The camera picks up the name of the ship and an offscreen voice is going to say, 'This is the battleship *Arizona*. She is still a ship of the U.S. Navy, and the 1240 men of her crew are still between her decks.' Then we're going to pan away from there and into a stormy forest and we're going to come to the grave of Daniel Webster. And a voice will say from the gravestone, 'How stands the republic, neighbor?' And unless you can say that the republic stands copper-bottomed and solid, why that old man will come up out of the ground." And, oh shit, John thought that was great. And I said: "And then we pan into your cops-and-robbers story." We went out to the University of Hawaii together and we got the story "The Devil and Daniel Webster" from the library, and he's got that stuff in the first part of the picture. At least it took the kiss of death off the beginning, but it was so bad that nothing could help the rest of it.

After I had worked over there for nearly three weeks, Wayne said: "What do I owe you?" And I said: "You don't owe me anything, because I didn't do much for you; all I did was to give you something to shoot." When I landed in Los Angeles, two of Wayne's lawyers met me and said: "Now, man, take

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something, take a thousand dollars, five thousand dollars." I said: "No, I don't want to." I don't know why I said that. I didn't need the money at the time, I suppose, and I just didn't want to do it so I didn't take anything. Then I moved to the Canary Islands.

The day I got off the ship in the Canaries, there was a letter waiting for me that had been smuggled out of the prison in Taipei, on Formosa, from Millard K. Nash, who was one of the best pilots on the Hump route during the war. He was serving a nine-year sentence at hard labor for being caught smuggling wall hangings into Taipei with narcotics inside. He said that he had lost 42 pounds, and he said: "Please see if you can help me get out of this son of a bitch; it's pretty hard." So I got to thinking about it, and after I had rented this villa, I wrote Wayne a letter. Now this was soon after Dwight Eisenhower had been elected President. I wrote Wayne a letter and I said: "Yes, there's something you can do if you feel you owe me something because of the work I did in Honolulu. I've got a pilot friend that Chiang Kai-Shek has got in jail on Taiwan. Go see if the bald-headed general in Washington can't get him sprung. That's no place for a good pilot to have to spend years." And damned if Wayne didn't get him out of there in about six months.

Now, where are we?

ESPIONAGE: I guess we're at your one and only Dell paperback original, *The Deadly Mermaid* (1954). How did that come about?

PHILLIPS: I was traveling in the Caribbean. A fellow I knew, named Allen Connell, was in the area and asked me to come along on an underwater filming expedition off Carcol Reef in Haiti. They had a crew of six or seven men and a Fenjohn underwater camera, something that had just been invented. The water was beautiful, the camera worked perfectly, and we got about ten hours of gorgeous underwater footage. Then Connell said: "For God's sake, come with us and try to write some kind of story we can use with this film." So I wrote him a treatment, and we went to New York, and we needed to find someone who could sort of organize all that underwater footage. A young fellow by the name of Stanley Kubrick was recommended to us, and we ran some quickie picture he did on a shoestring and hired him. The whole project turned into a drunken brawl and fell apart. As

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far as I know, the footage was never used. Anyway, *The Deadly Mermaid* came out of my living in Port au Prince and Cap Haitien and everything that happened to us there.

ESPIONAGE: What happened next in your life?

PHILLIPS: I signed a contract with RKO for a year, year and a half. Jane Russell was responsible for that. I had a story published called "The Wife who Lived Twice" (*Collier's*, Feb. 19, 1954). As far as I know, it was the first story about corneal transplants. This man's wife died in Mexico, and the corneas of her eyes, which were blue, were transplanted into a Mexican peasant girl. It was a real weeper. Jane Russell read it in *Collier's* and made RKO put me under contract because she said no one was writing for women any more.

ESPIONAGE: Did you get any screen credits during that time?

PHILLIPS: Not a one. They had me working on an oilfield story I'd done, "The Big Rig" (*The Nation's Business*, Feb. 1953). I'd worked in those oilfields and I tried to write an authentic story. All Howard Hughes cared about was designing new brassieres for the women. Nothing came of that project either. The only other picture I've done is *Thunder Road* with Mitchum, the moonshiner picture, but that came later.

ESPIONAGE: You made some sales to TV in the Fifties, too, didn't you?

PHILLIPS: Yes. *Pagoda* was done on *Studio One* (Feb. 11, 1952) with John Forsythe playing the lead. Bretaigne Windust directed it — he was a famous director then — and it was lousy, and I can't understand why. And Jackie Cooper was in a basketball story ("Fast Break," *Schlitz Playhouse of Stars*, Feb. 25, 1955) which was based on something of mine in *Argosy* or somewhere.

ESPIONAGE: Then later in the Fifties you worked on the *Thunder Road* project with Mitchum?

PHILLIPS: Right. We made that in Asheville, North Carolina; shot all of it outside there. That was my last picture. I could see what would happen if I stayed in Hollywood. I'd buy a quarter million dollar or half million dollar house and then I'd have to pay for it; I'd be there a while. And I had no intention of dealing with those types for that length of time.

ESPIONAGE: So, finally, in the Sixties, you got into the paperback original field, and made Joe Gall a series

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character. How did that begin?

PHILLIPS: I moved to Eureka Springs, Arkansas, because I had been so far outside the United States for so long that I decided to go as near the center of the country as I could. I started doing Fawcett Gold Medal paperbacks, because of Knox Burger. He'd been the fiction editor at *Collier's*. He bought a lot of stuff from me, and I doctored a number of stories for him, too. He used to give me a thousand dollars for stories in his inventory that he couldn't use, and I'd revise them and he'd publish them in the magazine under the names of the original writers after I'd salvaged them. Then in 1960 or '61, I wrote *The Green Wound*. I liked the way it felt and I wrote Knox, who was then at Gold Medal, and said that I wanted to make a series out of it. He said: "You can't do it. You won't be able to sustain it, because you won't stick at it long enough. You'll go haring off to Timbuktu or someplace." And I said: "Well, that may be the idea. Maybe I'm trying to get to Timbuktu." But then I followed it up, and I wrote the first three or four Joe Galls here in the States, and then I took off to Grenada. For about eight months, I lived down there in the clubhouse on the golf course. Then I started moving all around the world; Canada, New Zealand, Australia, back through Asia, Hong Kong, Korea, Japan; the whole works.

ESPIONAGE: Did Gold Medal have a format for a spy series that you had to follow?

PHILLIPS: Gold Medal didn't even know where I was. They not only didn't give me any suggestions, they never knew anything except that I kept sending the manuscripts in from Addis Ababa or Perth, Australia, or someplace, and they just kept publishing them. I would stay at least three or four months in every location I used in a Joe Gall book. If nothing else, I at least made it a good travel guide, so you'd know the real estate and the customs and so forth. I could usually find some kind of story hook to hang the local color on.

ESPIONAGE: Did Gold Medal give you a travel budget to get all this local color?

PHILLIPS: They never gave me a nickel. Toward the end, if I told them I was going to write a new one, they'd give me a $10,000 advance. I paid for my travel out of the profits from the books. I made about half a million dollars out of them.

ESPIONAGE: What spy books had you read before you

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started the Joe Galls?

ESPIONAGE: I guess most that had been written, because, as I said, I was always an omnivorous reader. I don't know that I patterned after anybody. Graham Greene is my idea of a very good writer. Not a good mystery writer, not a good puzzle writer, but just a good writer. But other than that I can't really remember. The only thing I was afraid of in this whole caper was that my younger brother, David Altee Phillips, might get into trouble because of me. He resigned a couple of years ago from the CIA, after getting high enough to be, toward the end of his tenure, chief of all covert operations from Mexico on down to Antarctica. I could see the built-in danger there, so he and I didn't correspond; we didn't see each other for years and years. Of course, he was all over the world, too. He was shot down over Germany in World War II, he was taken prisoner and got out, and went down to Santiago, Chile, and bought an English-language paper and was enlisted by the CIA. From there he worked for them in Cuba and Mexico. He was in Lebanon when the Marines went in in 1958; he worked all over the place.

ESPIONAGE: He didn't give you any material or ideas?

PHILLIPS: I made it impossible for that charge ever to be made, because, you see, our names were so similar. We never had any kind of contact. I asked him to please make it clear to his superiors that we weren't in touch with each other.

ESPIONAGE: What did he think of your books? Did he read them?

PHILLIPS: He read them, and said that as far as spycraft went there wasn't much in them. He said: "They're very imaginative, and we might even have used some of it in real life, but I don't know how you'd do as a field agent day in and day out."

ESPIONAGE: You put Joe Gall in more or less the same part of Arkansas you were living in. Was his Ozark castle a real place or did you make that up?

PHILLIPS: All of that was imaginary. It was a place I was looking for. Oh, bits and pieces of it are out there. There's a beautiful place called Blue Springs, which is a subterranean glacier, and it's magnificent; it's freezing cold the year round. And there are houses without a nail in them that have been standing for a hundred years. So Gall's castle is a combina-

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tion of all those things, a kind of remote little Shangri-La that a man would like to have.

ESPIONAGE: You used a lot of your own experiences in those books. In *The Silken Baroness* (1963) you even had him marry a Swedish baroness the way you did yourself.

PHILLIPS: That was the only time that anybody ever changed a title on me without my permission. We were divorced in 1958, as I said, and I married my present wife in '61, but I am not so flagrant that I would have stuck an ex-wife of mine on a book as the title of something. Knox Burger stuck it on there, and I didn't know it until I saw the book. I wasn't real pleased. He thought it was very funny.

ESPIONAGE: You stayed with Gold Medal and the Joe Gall series for more than a dozen years, right?

PHILLIPS: Man, how could you beat it? I could get the *Journal of Commerce,* which is the national journal of shipping and tells you what ships leave and where they're going, and I could pick the ship that had the best food and the best accommodations for one passenger and that was going where I wanted to go. A ship that isn't designed for passenger travel but has a single cabin for one person is the best place to work ever invented by man. Nineteen times I've gone down the Mississippi, and down that big crescent turn from New Orleans, on freighters headed every place in the world. Just about the only trip I haven't taken is that train trip across Russia. In Istanbul, I went to the Soviet Embassy — it was there then and not in Ankara — and tried to make reservations, but they said that in order to get a stateroom on that train to Vladivostock, I would have to buy four tickets. That made it a little too rich.

ESPIONAGE: So that was your lifestyle when you were writing Joe Gall. It's amazing how many of your own experiences pop up in the series. Not just Gall's Marine background, and the Ozarks setting and the Baroness, but all sorts of other things. In *The Star Ruby Contract* (1967), he's put in charge of civil aviation in Burma. In *The Underground Cities Contract* (1974), he tries to get a young American out of a Turkish jail on a drug sentence. In some other books he poses as a Texan.

PHILLIPS: You're doing the talking.

ESPIONAGE: Okay, it's your turn again. Maybe now's a good time to clear up a literary mystery of sorts. Several of

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the early Galls had an endorsement on their covers from Raymond Chandler, who was quoted as saying 'I admire Phillip Atlee tremendously' or words to that effect. How could he have said that when he'd died in 1959, four years before your first Gold Medal paperback was published? Had you known Chandler?

PHILLIPS: I had read and admired his work for years. He was always vivid and always had the gift for felicitous phrases. He could describe the seamy side of the West Coast better than anybody who ever lived. Then, one night — this was sometime in the middle or late Fifties, I guess — he called me up. It was around midnight California time and a couple of hours later where I was, I guess. He was in his cups. He said he just wanted to tell me how much he'd admired some story of mine that he'd read in *Collier's*. I really couldn't take it very seriously because I knew that anybody who wrote as well as he did wasn't going to admire anything of mine he'd read in *Collier's*. Those stories had to be workmanlike, and I'm sure that he thought I wrote a fairly clean line, but you weren't going to find anything in the *Saturday Evening Post* or *Collier's* that would compare with Chandler's. They wouldn't have published anything that good, because their stories were written to a formula. Anyway, he called me three or four times. I remember, now, I had a big house in Fort Worth then, and it was always around 3:00 A.M. Texas time when he called, and he was always loaded to the gills. He was just as garrulous as a country farmer.

ESPIONAGE: And he also wrote you a lot of letters?

PHILLIPS: No, only the one letter. I mentioned it several years later to Knox Burger and he took it from me and ran that quote. I never got the letter back and I don't know what ever happened to it.

ESPIONAGE: The impression I got from the Joe Gall books is something like the impression I got from reading Chandler, that the setting and the strong individual scenes and moments came first in your mind and that the plot was never very important to you.

PHILLIPS: Absolutely, absolutely. Because otherwise it wouldn't have been worth doing. I just did the books to get in those things.

ESPIONAGE: And to justify your traveling all over, too?

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PHILLIPS: Right. One of the most memorable trips I ever took was on the. . . .What is that railroad that runs all the way across Canada? I got on the train at Montreal and rode to Vancouver. I had a beautiful stateroom with a big plate glass wall, and I could see Medicine Hat and Calgary and the Great Plains and Banff and all of those beautiful Canadian scenes all the way across. I worked in Vancouver on the island of Victoria for over a year. I did two Joe Gall books on Canada. (*The Canadian Bomber Contract* and *The White Wolverine Contract,* both 1971.)

ESPIONAGE: One of the most interesting things about *The Green Wound* and some of the other Galls is that they're sort of schizophrenic. On one level, they're cut from the same cloth as *Big Jim McLain.* But on another level, Joe Gall knows, and tells us he knows, that he's on the wrong side, that he's a professional killer for money and that some of the people he kills and some of the causes he fights are in the right. At least this is true some of the time. Others read more or less like the James Bond books, where you never feel that our side is just as bad as theirs, but I think that the Gall books that work the best are the ones that are divided against themselves, like *The Green Wound.*

PHILLIPS: That's because there was a bifurcation in my own temperament. As a writer I know that if you don't have the bullshit to keep it moving from page to page, you're going to lose the readers. At the same time, I wasn't willing to admit to being such an absolute dunce that I didn't know it was bullshit in the first place. The personality was split, there's no question about that. Gall knew what he had to do but he knew that it was a lot of bullshit, too, and that he was on the wrong side.

ESPIONAGE: You write on one level like Ian Fleming and on a deeper level like John Le Carre.

PHILLIPS: Well, that's a great compliment. I appreciate that. That shows at least that you have seen what I wanted to do.

ESPIONAGE: What made you stop writing the books?

PHILLIPS: I thought, after the Korea book (*The Last Domino Contract,* 1976), that I'd just got Gall to the end of his tether. One thing I have always done is follow very closely the factual reports, and if you've read some of the reports about these burned-out characters in the CIA, you know that

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contract agents tend to come to grief. Often they come to grief in some seedy little motel, just completely strung out and lost. It is the end of the line.

ESPIONAGE: But why did you stop writing the series?

PHILLIPS: Because I had proved that I could do 22 of the things and that was enough. All I was doing anyway was exploiting real estate. I had done Australia, New Zealand, everything but Tibet and inside the Soviet Union. I was just selling real estate, and I ran out of it.

ESPIONAGE: What has your writing life been like since then?

PHILLIPS: Oh, I've got a couple of projects. One of them is biographical, it's the story of this Roy Farrell I told you about, the pilot who worked for us on the Hump. He had never flown anything bigger than Piper Cubs when he went over there, and he got to be one of the best pilots we had, and founded three airlines. All three of them were successful. One of them was Cathay Pacific, which is the great airline of Asia today, although the British made him sell out. The manuscript is 309 pages long right now, but I just got another box of material and I want to add another hundred pages. I want this to be very good and I'm not going to turn it loose till it is. Couple of publishers want to see it when I'm finished.

ESPIONAGE: Do you ever plan to write any more novels?

PHILLIPS: I would like to do one that is autobiographical, a book about how the world looked to me. That would have to be a long one; it would cover a lot of territory.

ESPIONAGE: But you don't see any more espionage novels in your future?

PHILLIPS: No. Because I was saleable but I was never the best at them.

ESPIONAGE: Who do you think are the best of the current crop?

PHILLIPS: John Le Carre and the other Englishman, Len Deighton. I was faking a lot of it, but they're good.

ESPIONAGE: And do you have any thoughts about where the spy novel is going?

PHILLIPS: Only that as long as the United States maintains a hidden and secret government like the CIA, which, in effect, many times determines foreign policy, then I think there will be great scope for this kind of fiction.

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De Deux

by Anderz Telemark

A cold wind managed to work its way through the man's heavy overcoat, tickled his flesh and sent a shiver up along his spine. Stomping his feet to keep warm, he stood waiting in the forest wilderness for the arrival of the *packages* being delivered from East to West Germany. Unlike the "wall" in Berlin, the "curtain" is a phantom, not a reality. It can be penetrated. The man waited for just such a penetration.

The assignment had not begun in the cold night of a German winter; it had begun at home. One day, the man, busily tending the orphanage's garden, was approached by someone he'd once known long before.

"Hello, Quent."

The gardener turned at the mention of his name, his eyes focusing through his glasses as he brushed away a mop of hair, then his body wriggling in sudden awareness of the sweat running down his lanky chest.

"Hello, Jason." The gardener let the hoe fall from his hands and motioned for the visitor to accompany him. "I really wish you would stop calling me Quent, Jason. It's a name I've outgrown."

Illustration by Rob Richards

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"What would you rather I called you, Quent?" Jason sat down on the bench they'd approached. "I mean, Quenton Deverill Jones is a bit of a mouthful, don't you think?"

Quent laughed goodnaturedly. "All right; you win," he said as he made room for himself on the bench. "It's been a long time."

Jason Moran leaned his heavy bulk back, visibly relaxed his body, and ran strong, squared-off fingers through his thick mane of grey-white hair. "Yeah. I see you still come and work here."

"It continues to be the only place that feels like home," Quent replied quietly. He wiped away some of his sweat with a towel he pulled from his pocket, then continued making small talk; the reason for Jason's visit would become apparent soon enough; he could wait. "I'd offer you something to drink but all I have is water."

"Thanks anyway." An uneasy silence fell over the two men, broken suddenly by an awkwardly phrased, word-tumbling-over-word question from Jason: "Aren't you writing . . . I mean, have you been writing . . . I mean, have you written anything lately . . ." He felt clumsy and idiotic; he had no talent for this kind of social word-play.

"What's wrong, Jason?" Quent stared at the Director with his see-through stare. "What are you so uncomfortable about? Why are you here?"

"We have a problem, Quent: we have two *packages* arriving next week from the other side and we need someone to pick them up. The Russians aren't too happy with the recent rash of East-West deliveries."

"You have the CIA."

"Those idiots! I don't suppose you've noticed that their guerrilla training manual has just been published. They can't even run a little war by themselves without having it spread all over the newspapers!"

"I still don't see why this is *our* problem. Let the State Department handle it."

Jason stared over Quent's head. "I think you'll want to handle this one yourself, Quent. Sylvia and Peter Grochenko are the *packages*. And Yosarian can't be too far behind. I believe you know them."

"I know them." Quenton's voice was expressionless. "The four of us spent two years together. We were quite a little

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troop running across Europe in those days, including Yosarian. Behind that cold K.G.B. facade lives the heart of a true romantic. We had some great times."

"You almost married Sylvia."

"Yes. But she didn't want to defect then; or Yosarian controlled the two of them better back then; I don't know which was true."

"Will you do it?"

"Yes."

Now, on the edge of this snow-covered West German forest, a dozen feet from the barbed wire that separated the two Germanys, Quent waited. He studied the opposite forest, peering through the trees, standing amid the shadows that gave him protection from the constant vigilance of the East German border guards.

The waiting was becoming tedious. Each night, between eleven and midnight for the past four days, he'd stood at the edge of this wood watching the guards' interminable pacing. Tonight was the final night; the last chance for Sylvia and Peter to run before the Bolshoi Ballet returned to Moscow.

It was too bright, Quent thought, glancing up at the three-quarter moon, a feeling of unease eating at the pit of his stomach. He checked his watch; half an hour til Midnight. Feeling his coat pocket, he reassured himself that his 9mm Baretta was still there. The gun was comforting, in its way, but he prayed that he would not have to use it. Most of all, he prayed that Yosarian would not show; would not force a confrontation. Suddenly thirsty, he pulled the thermos from his other coat-pocket and took a long drink, the coffee scalding and bitter in his mouth.

His thoughts wandered back.

Yosarian. He could see the Russian in his mind. Built like a dagger with piercing ice-green eyes, he had more than once drunk Quent under the table. They had blazed a trail through Europe, Sylvia and Peter in tow, getting into more back-alley brawls and getting thrown out of more bars than either cared to remember. It didn't fit, Quent thought; me, of all people, getting into that kind of trouble. Well, those were the reckless days of my youth! Yeah, right; all of two

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years ago.

But we weren't all that bad; maybe two real fights, and once getting thrown out of a bar when Yosarian asked the Spanish singer to do something on stage that was offensive to just about everyone. He was drunk at the time; one of the few times he really was drunk.

And then there was Peter; Mr. Upright, the strait-laced ballet dancer who was always doing something crazy. Like the time he decided to dance on one of the lion's heads by the Lance Bridge in Budapest, nearly falling into the Danube in the attempt. Or the time in Greece, dancing only as he could dance, at a wedding they had come upon, giving a private performance; a performance so moving, so perfect, that everyone cried, Peter included.

Sylvia had brought them all together; she was so innocent, so naive, it never occurred to her how unlikely a group she had created. She had run into him, literally; Quent was standing on a street corner when Sylvia came running his way, her laughter filling the air. She nearly knocked Quent down, giggling as she did so, playing an elaborate game of hide-and-seek with Yosarian and Peter.

In a breathless, laughing voice, she had asked Quent to aid her in the game. One look into those bottomless grey pools she had as eyes and Quent agreed. Two hours later, Sylvia the winner, the game was over and the friendship had begun. It was ironic, really, Quent thought, that she had been running to him. Sylvia was quite good at running; running away from him when he had asked her to marry him. . . running to Peter. . . and now. . .

Quent came alert, his memories washed away as he caught a glimpse of two figures sneaking through the clearing. He was fully aware now, every nerve a danger signal as he concentrated on the two dark silhouettes. Dammit, he couldn't make out their faces.

The two kept coming closer, but they were slow, *too damn slow*. Quent could feel the sweat break out upon his brow. Come on, damn you! he thought, over and over again.

Suddenly, there he was: Yosarian. The floodlight from the back of a parked truck lit up the clearing, turning night into day. The silhouettes froze, halfway through the wire fence, as Yosarian, with the East German guards, moved in.

"Damn," Quent whispered, going into action.

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"Yosarian!" he shouted, jumping out into the light; his Baretta held in a two-handed grip was aimed at the Russian. The Russian's gun came up, aimed at Sylvia and Peter.

"Let them go, Yosarian!" Quent shouted.

"I'm afraid I cannot allow that, Quenton!" Yosarian shouted back. With a motion of his hand, the guards advanced, their weapons raised.

"You can't do this, Yosarian! I'll shoot; I swear it!"

"I don't think so, Quenton!"

The dancers came to life,then, fighting through the barbed wire in their struggle to get across. The East German guards began shouting and running after them as the dancers broke free of the wire and ran for the cover of the trees. The soldiers stopped at the wire, ready.

"Yosarian, it won't change anything if they get away! They can't hurt you! They're only dancers!" Quent cried, his gun still raised, still aimed at the Russian.

"You still do not understand, Quenton, this has nothing to do with art!" Yosarian replied. A nod of his head, and the border guards opened fire.

The two were near the woods when the shots rang out. For a moment, nothing occurred; then, a single silhouette, Quent could not tell which, pitched forward into the snow, doing a final slow dance of death. The other staggered exhaustedly into Quent's arms.

Yosarian stood on the other side, watching through a pair of binoculars. "Quenton!" he cried out. When there was no reply, he shouted once again, urgently, "Quenton!"

Quent put his coat around the dancer, handed over the thermos of coffee, and rose to look back at Yosarian.

"What do you want!" Quent shouted angrily, gun dangling from his hand.

"I am glad to see you are not injured, my friend!

"Quenton!"

"Yes!"

"I am sorry, Quenton, truly sorry; but at least you have one!" Yosarian shouted as he walked back to the truck, "though not the one you would have chosen!"

Peter Grochenko placed a sympathetic hand on Quent's shoulder, Yosarian stepped into the truck, the spotlight went out, and the dance was over.

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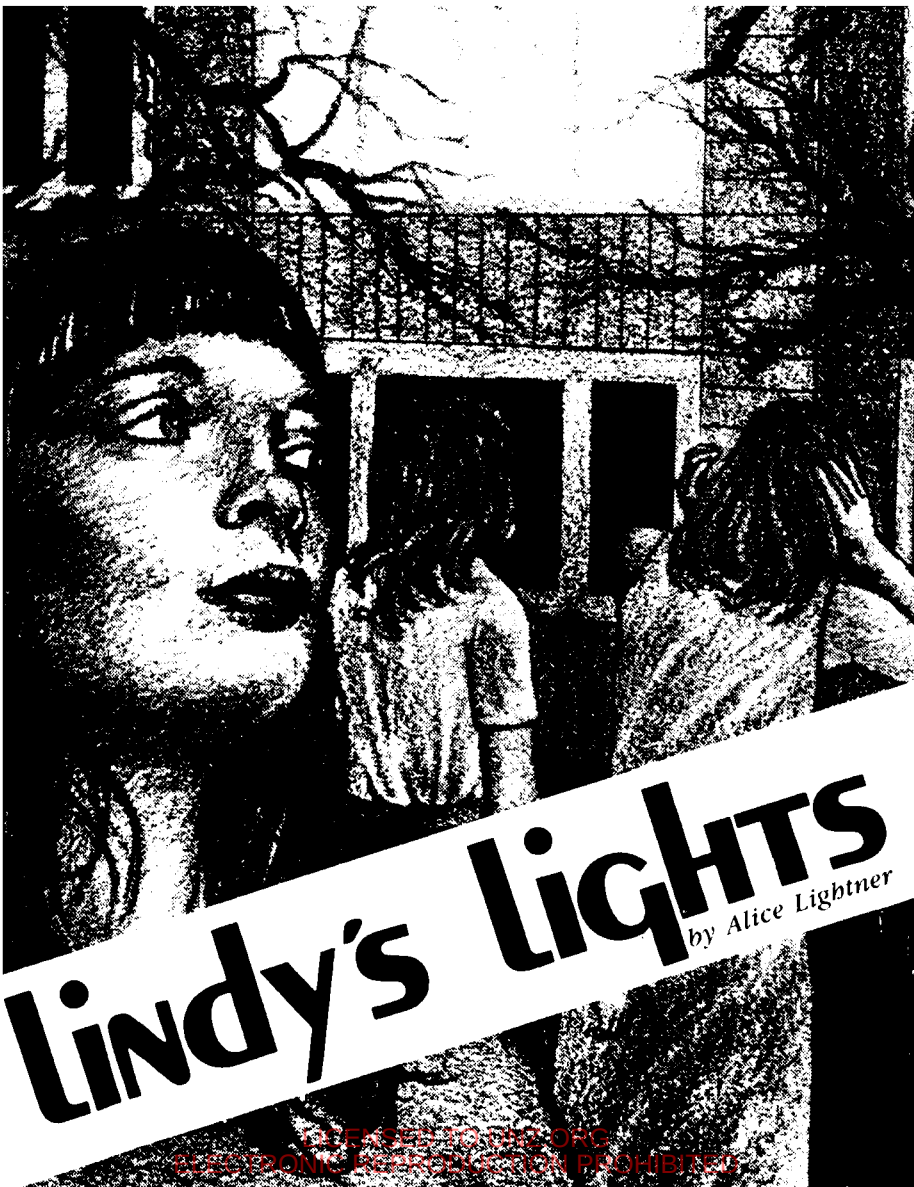

Lindy's Lights

by Alice Lightner

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Many people are suggestible, but some are more suggestible than others. Melinda Mott, Lindy, as we all call her, is the most suggestible person I know. And when she read an article in a popular magazine about ghosts in an office building, she had our whole staff in an uproar.

Lindy is the youngest of the workers in our small office, located in its own small building right on a major highway. I have worked for *Armitage Design* as office manager for almost ten years and was with them when they moved here from the city. Lindy came to us two years ago. A competent receptionist, she handles the switchboard expertly. She is young, pert, and attractive, but she talks so much I wonder the boss puts up with it.

The morning after Lindy read that article, she came to work vibrating with excitement. The more people laughed at her, the more she loudly recounted what she had read.

"Sounds silly to me," Kathy said. "Office buildings don't get haunted. It's old houses in the country that have ghosts."

"This office building was in the country, just like we are. It wasn't the building but the land that was haunted. The building was on some land where there had been a battle."

"Sounds to me like you want our building to be haunted," I teased her.

Lindy detected the sarcasm. "It's not what you *want*, Cindy. It's what you *get*," she huffed. "These people got plenty of trouble. Finally had to move."

"Mr. Armitage would just love that," said James Effinger, the assistant draftsman. "He'd just say, Boo! Exit ghost."

"You can't say boo to a ghost," Lindy chided him. "Ghosts aren't really there. It's their spirits, and they don't pay any mind to anything you say or do. They just go their own sweet way, making life miserable for you."

I'd heard all I wanted to hear about ghosts and thought everyone should go back to work, but Effinger went on baiting Lindy.

"After all, what can a ghost do to make life miserable?" he teased.

"You should read the article. They can do plenty. They can make scary noises. Even leave a musty smell. Like sulfur, the article said. They can make the furniture move and things fall off shelves..."

"Was this in California?" he asked. "Probably an earthquake."

"It was not!" she cried hotly. "I think it was Texas. People also saw strange lights. Flashing lights and glowing lights."

"You get earthquakes anywhere," Effinger said. "New England...Mississippi.. Not enough to knock down buildings, but enough to shake things off shelves."

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"I think we've all said enough." I decided to put my foot down. "Isn't that a call on your board, Lindy?"

"There's your flashing lights!" cried Kathy, as she turned back to her typing, giggling. "Maybe you've got a ghost on the line."

No more was said as the office got back to business.

That night, Mr. Armitage asked us girls to work late. We were getting out a rush job and he said he'd treat us all to dinner at the diner down the road.

It got dark early that time of year, and the boss gave me his arm on the walk to the diner. We were already seated when we realized Lindy was not with us.

"She's still powdering her nose," said Kathy. "She'll be along."

But we had all given our orders before Lindy appeared. She dashed in, all out of breath. "You'll never believe it!" she cried. "I saw the lights!"

"Give your order!" Mr. Armitage urged. "So it can go in with ours."

"I don't care what I have," she said to the hovering waitress. "Make it a hamburger, rare, and french fries."

And then she was off, the words spilling over one other. "I was coming down our walk when something made me look back. And there it was! Bright lights flashing in the office window. Just like that place in Texas. I tell you, it gave me a turn. I ran so fast, I just missed breaking an ankle!"

"What is this all about?" demanded Mr. Armitage. He had not heard Lindy's ghost story. "If there was a light in the office, you forgot to turn it off!"

"Perhaps Mr. Effinger was still there," said Kathy helpfully.

"Effinger left before we did," I said. "I saw him go out."

"Anyhow, this wasn't that kind of light," Lindy said. "This was a flashing light. On — off. On — off."

All through supper, Lindy recounted the ghost article for the benefit of the boss. I thought he was remarkably patient as he listened to it, although he snorted once or twice in disbelief. When we got back to the office, everything was dark and just as we had left it.

"I'll tell you what your lights were," said Armitage. "Cars on the highway. When they reach a certain spot, their headlights are reflected from the window. One car — one flash. Another car — another flash."

"But it wasn't like that," Lindy protested. "These were bright, sharp flashes and close together."

"Well, there's some rational explanation," sniffed the boss. "Now let's get to work so we won't be here all night."

I was ready to forget all about ghosts, but the next morning Lindy was being more suggestible than ever. When she came back from the restroom, she had a tale of strange shadows glimpsed in

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the mirror, and said that while she was in the stall, she heard the door open and close. "But I didn't see any feet walking on the floor."

Before long, she had Kathy and Effinger looking over their shoulders whenever they had to leave the main office. And everyone insisted that strange things were happening in the large storeroom, where we keep old files and the safe.

On the second day, Lindy fell off a chair in there. Everyone ran to help her when we heard the noise. She claimed the chair had moved just as she was reaching for a box of paper on an upper shelf. But Mr. Armitage was irritated, once he saw she was all right.

"Use the little steps, hereafter. And be careful. Get it set straight and firm before you get up on it."

"I tell you, I had it straight, but something moved it after I climbed up."

"Poppycock! Take a break. Have some coffee. And watch what you're doing!"

Mr. Armitage, usually so sympathetic, retreated to his private office and I was left to comfort Lindy.

"Something moved it," she mourned. "I wish the ghost would haunt *him* for a change!"

After that, Lindy would not go to the storeroom or the restroom without someone accompanying her. Usually Kathy. It left the switchboard unattended unless I took over. I was getting pretty fed up.

Then, late one afternoon, Mr. Armitage called me into his office at quitting time and showed me a large folder.

"Please take these designs and lock them in the safe before you go home. I was going to take them home with me. They're important...I should say, vital for our new account. I don't want anything to happen to them. But I have a dinner party in the city and I don't want to carry them around. Might forget and leave them somewhere. So lock 'em up before you go home."

He hurried off to his car and I was left to clean up things. When I came out into the front office, Lindy and Kathy were waiting.

"Let's get a bite at the diner before we go home," Kathy suggested.

"Okay, but let me straighten up my desk and put this stuff away. Where's Effinger?"

"He went home early," said Lindy. "Hurry up, I'm starved!"

She was sorting papers on the top of her desk, and slamming drawers. "Where does that stuff you're carrying go?"

"It has to go in the safe," I said. "Top secret."

I could see that neither of them would offer to go into the storeroom, so I took the file to the safe, myself, and locked it up. Then we all went out and shut the door. As we walked to the highway, the two girls turned to

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look over their shoulders at the darkened office. Suddenly, Kathy grabbed my arm.

"There it is!" she hissed. "Lindy's lights! Just like she said."

I turned to look and, sure enough, in the dark office window, I could see a brilliant flash. Repeated several times. I was nonplussed. I'd been sure there was nothing to this ghost business, that there had to be some rational explanation for it all. But here were the lights, exactly as Lindy had said. Furthermore, at that moment, there were no passing cars to reflect their headlights. I had half a mind to go back and investigate, but Lindy and Kathy took hold of me and rushed me all the way to the diner.

"You'd be crazy to go back there!" cried Lindy. "Do you really want to *meet* the ghost?"

"It can't be a ghost," I insisted. "There's no such thing."

"If you'd felt that chair move under you, you'd think different."

Throughout the meal, they talked of nothing but the ghost.

"What did the people in Texas do?" Kathy asked.

"Well, first they got a medium to come. That's how they knew there was a restless spirit."

"Mr. Armitage would never do anything like that," I said.

"Did it do any good?" Kathy asked.

"No. Then they had a priest come and sprinkle holy water."

"The boss would rather die," I muttered.

"Finally, they had to move the office."

"I can see the boss doing that! He built this place himself."

As we walked back to the office to collect our cars from the parking lot, we once again saw the mysterious lights flashing in the dark windows. Lindy became jittery, and even Kathy hurried to find her car and leave for home.

"I don't want to mess with any ghost!" she cried, and she turned on the ignition. "Take my advice and get home fast!"

I sat in my car and watched them drive away, but something made me turn off the engine and get out. I was sure no ghost was responsible for those lights and I was determined to check the office before going home.

Nevertheless, as I let myself into the dark and silent foyer, I could not repress a shiver of apprehension. Then I heard sounds from the rear of the building. Soft, furtive footsteps. Hurried scrambling. And then shouts.

"Lay off or I'll shoot! I've got a gun!"

"You would. Well, take that!"

Then, unbelievably, a blast of shooting, a crash and more shouts.

"Now I've got the gun! Freeze!"

I froze, too, in horror. This was no ghost, but burglars of some kind. I had turned on the office lights as I came in, but now I hid behind the door. Whatever it was, I didn't want to get shot. At last,

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I recognized the voices.

"I wasn't doing anything. Just came back... " That was Effinger's voice.

"You came back to steal the plans! I'm onto you!" That was the boss — but he was supposed to be at a party!

The two men burst into the office, Mr. Armitage propelling Effinger ahead of him.

"Oh, there you are, Cindy! Please call the police. We've a case of industrial spying on our hands."

"You're way out of line," Effinger protested. "I came back to get the file I've been working on. Do a bit of work at home."

"Indeed! But what's all that bulging in your pockets? A nice little camera...rolls of film...and flash bulbs! Just the thing to make Lindy think she was seeing ghosts!"

"We did see the lights," I put in. "Tonight on our way to the diner."

"As soon as I heard Lindy's description, I knew the lights were camera flashes. And that could only mean one thing — somebody was after our new designs."

While I telephoned the police, Effinger continued to sputter his innocence, as the boss, towering over him, tied him to the chair.

"You didn't even get the right design!" he crowed. "Working in the dark like that, you never knew. Those were old drawings I had Cindy put in the safe. I took the new ones home as soon as I heard Lindy's wild tales. Ghostly lights! That's a new dodge for plain, old-fashioned thievery!"

NEXT ISSUE:

Early Warnings by Michael Gilbert, featuring Mr. Calder and Mr. Behrens, his perfect English gentlemen spies: polite, correct, ruthless and remorseless.

INTERVIEW: "First Blood" author, David Morrell

Assignment: Vienna — Conclusion

Joe R. Lansdale's *An All American Hero*

Isak Romun's *Letter from Moscow*

The Finger of Suspicion by Tony Wilmot

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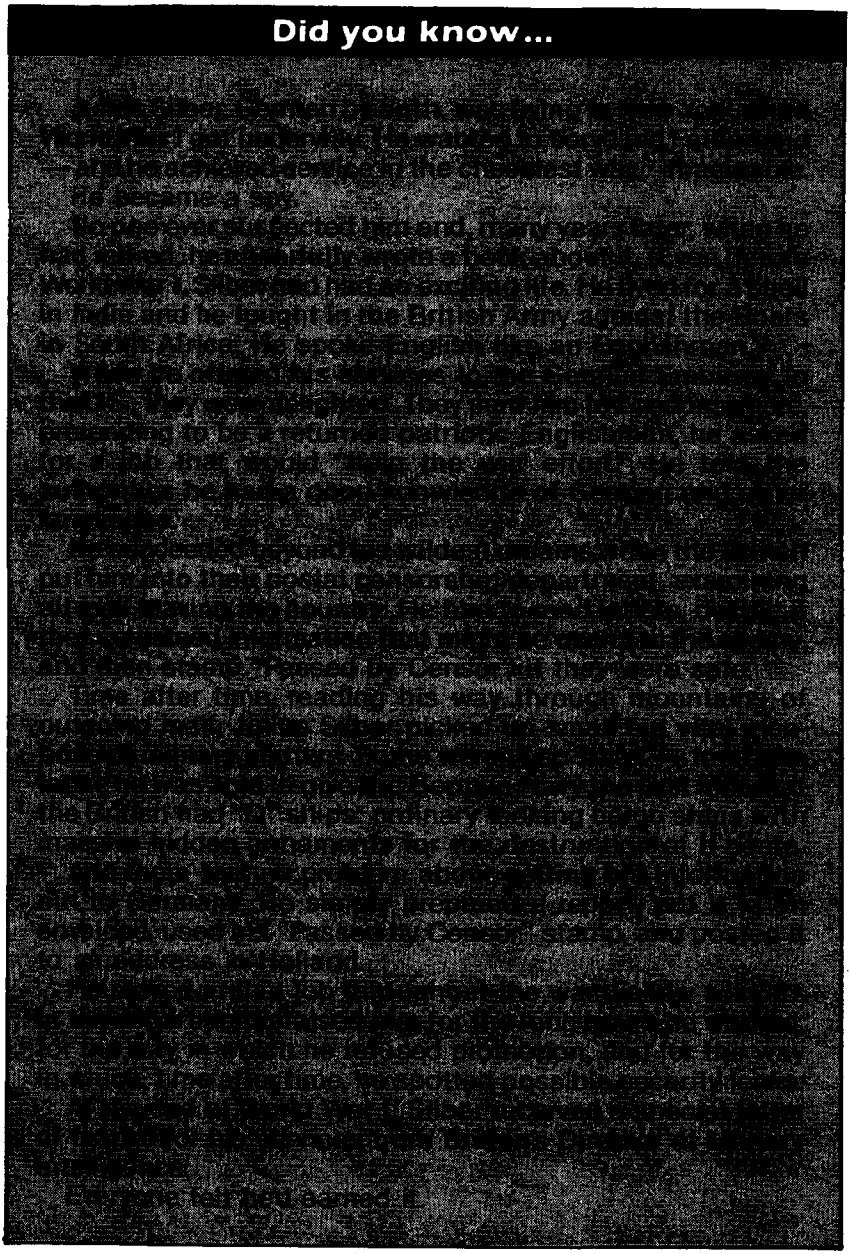
Did you know...



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MENACE IN WAX

A Radio Play by John Dickson Carr

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From *Speak of the Devil*, by John Dickson Carr, edited by Douglas G. Greene

THE CHARACTERS

Bert Rogers	Of the *Daily Record*
Suzy Dubois	Of the *Daily Record*
Watchman	At Madame Tussaud's
Pearson	Guard at Chamber of Horrors
Colonel Warrender	Of the War Office
Captain McAllister	Of Forestry Preservation
Lieutenant Bronson	Site Commander
Men and women on the guns	

Setting: London and "Glebeshire," 1941.

NARRATOR: *This is your Storyteller, the Man in Black. Tonight it amuses me to tell you of curious events in a setting which you all know and of what dangers may arise even from a pack of cards. And while you are wondering about*

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the meaning of a certain message, we trust we shall keep our promise to bring you an . . . (knife-chord) APPOINTMENT WITH FEAR.

During the French Revolution in 1793, a Swiss girl copied in wax the severed heads of those who had just been guillotined. She married a Frenchman named Tussaud, and came to London. And she founded . . . Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. (Music comes up but sinks again.) There it is still, in Marylebone Road near Baker Street Station. Not the original building; that was destroyed by fire. But it remained untouched when a darker shadow than revolution came to England . . . (Throbbing of plane engines.) And they plastered high explosives all along that road, and hit the cinema next door. Let's return now to the old evil days of a Bombers' Moon, late one night in March of 1941, when a young man hurried up to the great glass doors of Madame Tussaud's . . . (The noise of hammering on a glass door, with the rumble of gunfire in the background. Bert Rogers is a young man of determined manner.)

ROGERS *(calling)*: Hoy! Open up here. Isn't there a night watchman at this place?

(A heavy door bound with rubber opens wheezingly. The watchman is elderly and broad Cockney.)

WATCHMAN: There is, governor, and I'm 'im. What do you want at this hour of the night, now?

ROGERS: My name is Rogers. I'm from the *Daily Record.*

WATCHMAN *(suspiciously)*: Ow?

ROGERS: If you'll let me get inside, I'll show you my press card. Didn't you get any orders about me?

WATCHMAN: Maybe I 'ave, at that. *(Amused)* You're the bloke as wants to see the Chamber of 'Orrors. *(Sound of gunfire.)* All right. You may as well come in. *(Swish of closing door.)*

ROGERS: My paper got a tip there's something funny going on here.

WATCHMAN: Something funny going on *'ere! That's* a good one. Raid's not very 'eavy tonight, is it?

ROGERS: No. They're only going over.

WATCHMAN *(quickly)*: You ain't 'eard where, governor?

ROGERS: We got a teletype-flash to say it was the Midlands.

WATCHMAN *(put out)*: Cor lumme, and I've got a 'sister in

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Birmingham. *(In despair) Why* can't she come and stop in a nice safe place like London? *(Close, heavy gunfire)* There's the Regent's Park guns opening up again. Makes your teeth rattle and shakes the 'ats off the dummies 'eads. This Chamber of 'Orrors is getting to be popular tonight.

ROGERS *(sharply)*: You mean there's been somebody here before me?

WATCHMAN *(assenting)*: Ah.

ROGERS: A woman?

WATCHMAN: That's right, governor.

ROGERS *(rapidly)*: About five feet two inches tall? Very pretty, if you like 'em brunette and big-eyed? Speaks with a French accent?

WATCHMAN *(wearily)*: Naow, governor. Naow. There was only an old lady that lost 'er 'andbag.

ROGERS *(relieved)*: Thank the Lord for that anyway! Now then, what's going on here?

WATCHMAN *(indifferently)*: Dunno, governor. You'll 'ave to ask Pearson about that.

ROGERS: Who's Pearson?

WATCHMAN: 'E's the lad that's the watchman down there. 'E's young and 'e imagines things. 'E phoned your paper. Got an electric torch?

ROGERS: Yes.

WATCHMAN: Then straight on through the marble 'all, and down the stairs on your left. Don't speak to the policeman, 'cos 'e's wax. But that's the way, governor. That's the way to the Chamber of 'Orrors.

(Flourish of music.)

ROGERS: Good evening. You're Pearson, then?

(Pearson is a serious-minded youth with an earnest manner. He is not a Cockney. Board school, South London would sum him up.)

PEARSON: Yes, sir. Mind these stone steps; they're tricky. And here we are.

ROGERS: I see.

PEARSON: Ugly dim light, isn't it?

ROGERS: Yes.

PEARSON: And all the murderers lined up round the walls.

ROGERS: Those things don't make you nervous, do they? With an air-raid on?

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PEARSON: Well, sir, it's all right as long as you don't get to imagine they're watching you.

ROGERS: And do you?

PEARSON: Yes, sometimes. That's the famous gambling group, in the center. And over there . . . that's the guillotine.

ROGERS *(trying to be light)*: Now take it easy, old son. You're not trying to tell me it's the original guillotine.

PEARSON *(seriously)*: No. That was burnt in the fire. Madame Tussaud bought it from Sanson, the executioner. Let me tell you something, Mr. Rogers.

ROGERS: Well?

PEARSON: Years ago . . . this is straight . . . a young Frenchwoman came in here. There was nobody else in the place. She thought it'd be great fun to say she's put her neck in the same guillotine as Marie Antoinette. So she climbed up on the platform. She snapped the little wooden collar down round her neck and shut herself in. All of a sudden she realized she didn't know which spring controlled the collar and which spring controlled the knife.

ROGERS: Good Lord . . . she didn't . . . ?

PEARSON: No. But they say she went crackers. They say she screamed and screamed and . . .

(Woman's screams, very shrill, and sounding hollow in basement space. Suzy speaks. She is young and rapid-spoken with a French accent.)

SUZY *(breathlessly)*: I am so sorry. I do not mean to scare you. But . . . sweet mama! . . . I am so scared myself I cannot help it.

ROGERS: Susie!

SUZY: No, no, no! Not Susie! *(With French inflection)* Suzy. You make it rhyme with floosie, and that is not nice.

ROGERS *(shaken but wrathful)*: You brat! You little devil! I ought to turn you across my knee and . . .

PEARSON: You know this young lady, sir?

ROGERS: Yes. She works for my paper. She's haunting me.

SUZY *(injured)*: Bert, that is not nice. I only try to give you ideas.

ROGERS *(significantly)*: Yes, that's what I mean. Take your arms from around my neck!

PEARSON: She's French, sir?

ROGERS: Her mother was English. You'll find out.

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SUZY *(innocently)*: So I dressed up as a hold-lady, and I came along too. That is clever, no?
ROGERS: Definitely no.
SUZY *(tearfully)*: But I go into what I think is the ladies' room. And there is Jack the Ripper. And I am so scared I almost kick the ghost.
PEARSON *(agitated)*: Whatever else you do, miss, for the love of heaven put out that cigarette!
SUZY: It is not permitted to smoke?
PEARSON: It's what they're most afraid of. Fire.
(Distant gunfire.)
PEARSON: If you vouch for this young lady, Mr. Rogers...
ROGERS: I don't vouch for her. But go on. What's the mystery at Madame Tussaud's?
PEARSON: You see the group over there? Called "The Gamblers?"
ROGERS: Three men and a woman in eighteenth-century costume sitting around a table playing cards.
PEARSON: Yes. And about once a week, when the lights are out...
ROGERS: Well?
PEARSON: Those dummies *do* play cards.
(Knife chord.)
ROGERS *(quietly)*: Is this a publicity trick of some kind?
PEARSON *(quietly)*: No, sir.
ROGERS: Then what's the game?
PEARSON: I'm not crazy. I know they don't actually do it. What I want to know is, who changes the cards round in their hands — and why?
ROGERS: Could anybody...anybody from outside, I mean...get in to change the cards?
PEARSON: Yes. There's a back door. And nothing much to steal anyhow.
SUZY *(excitedly)*: Mon cher Bert, ecoutez. Leesen. I have made a discovery.
ROGERS: Be quiet, Susie.
SUZY: But I have made a discovery. This card game...
ROGERS: What about it?
SUZY: It is crooked. Here is a man which has two deuces of hearts in the same hand.
ROGERS *(wearily)*: Listen, Susie. I don't give a hang if...*(Pauses suddenly)* Wait a minute! *(Gunfire)* Let's have

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a look at these cards!

SUZY *(anxiously)*: I give you ideas, yes?

ROGERS: She's quite right. And that's not all. Two of these players have all the clubs and hearts. The other two have all the diamonds and spades. *(Excitedly)* Susie, how many letters in the alphabet?

SUZY: Twenty-six. No?

ROGERS: And twice twenty-six is. . .?

PEARSON: Fifty-two.

ROGERS: The number of cards in a pack. Give me a pencil, somebody. Quick!

(Gunfire fading to music.)

NARRATOR: *The War Office, Whitehall. M.I.5, headquarters Military Intelligence. There, next morning, in the maproom used as an office by Colonel Warrender. . .*

(Warrender is an elderly man with a firm manner and a gruff voice.)

WARRENDER: Mr. Rogers, I'm a busy man.

ROGERS: I appreciate that, Colonel Warrender.

WARRENDER: Anyhow, sit down.

ROGERS: Thank you, sir.

WARRENDER: These cards, you claim, form a code. Is that it?

ROGERS: Yes, sir. Let each letter of the alphabet represent a card in clubs and hearts. That's twenty-six.

WARRENDER: And then?

ROGERS: When you get to the middle of the message, switch the alphabet over to diamonds and spades. Then you won't keep on repeating. Will you read what I've got written on this paper?

WARRENDER: Jack of Diamonds. . .Q. Three of Clubs. . .F. That doesn't seem to mean much.

ROGERS: Never mind the cards, Colonel Warrender. Just read the letters.

WARRENDER: Q. F. A. C. T. O. R. Y. . . .

ROGERS *(fiercely)*: Yes, sir. Q Factory. Go on.

(As he has been speaking, we hear in the distance a heavy noise as of someone hammering a fist on wood.)

WARRENDER (breaking off, testily): Just a moment. What is that infernal noise I've been hearing off and on for the

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last ten minutes? *(Calling)* Johnson! Burrows!

ROGERS: Don't bother with that, sir. Read the message.

WARRENDER: Q FACTORY. TEN PM. FIFTEENTH.

ROGERS: Today is the fifteenth of March, Colonel Warrender.

WARRENDER: ALL PREPARATIONS MADE. USE DIVE BOMBERS. *(Slight pause)* I see. This message was left openly?

ROGERS: So openly that nobody ever noticed it.

WARRENDER (grimly): Yes. The trick's been tried before.

ROGERS: No contacts. No gatherings. No letters that might be intercepted. A whole spy ring could walk through and read the message unnoticed.

WARRENDER *(not kindly)*: You're teaching me my job, young man.

ROGERS: I'm sorry! I only meant. . .

WARRENDER: No; go on.

ROGERS: Three or four little boats with portable wireless sets go down the Thames Estuary. When they're beyond pursuit, they send that message by radio.

WARRENDER: And?

ROGERS: Somebody listens. It's no secret in Fleet Street, sir, that Q Factory is out in the wilds of Glebeshire.

WARRENDER: It's no secret anywhere.

ROGERS: And we're making the Shaftesbury Bomber there. And tonight, unless we do something about it, they're coming over and will bomb Q Factory to blazes! *(Banging on door.)*

WARRENDER: That's impossible!

ROGERS: Why? But I suppose you can't tell me.

WARRENDER: I can tell you this much.

ROGERS: Yes, sir.

WARRENDER: Q Factory is so well hidden that our own pilots can't find it from the air. That's one objection to this "message."

ROGERS: Any other objection?

WARRENDER *(impatiently)*: Yes. This talk about dive bombers. Dive bombers in a night attack? What's the good of a dive bomber if it can't see its objective?

ROGERS: Suppose somebody showed a light?

WARRENDER: He'd be shot dead as soon as he showed it. Every inch of the country for a quarter of a mile around the factory — a quarter of a mile, Mr. Rogers — is

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patrolled.
ROGERS: They're going to have a try at it, sir!
WARRENDER: How?
ROGERS *(desperately)*: I don't know!
WARRENDER: Then, if you'll excuse me . . .
ROGERS: Listen, Colonel Warrender. Give me a pass to go down there. To the factory.
WARRENDER: Certainly not.
ROGERS: How is the place defended?
WARRENDER: There's a night-fighter station near by. And several batteries of four three-point-seven guns.
ROGERS *(pouncing)*: Then give me a pass to the fighter station or the gun posts. That's a legitimate newspaper request!
WARRENDER: I might manage a pass to one of the gun posts, sir.
ROGERS: Then you'll do it?
(Banging on door.)
WARRENDER *(breaking off, exasperated)*: What on earth *is* that infernal row? It sounds like somebody locked up in a coat cupboard.
ROGERS *(hesitating)*: As a matter of fact, Colonel . . . it *is* somebody locked up in a coat cupboard. A young lady, so called.
WARRENDER: Who locked her up?
ROGERS: I did.
WARRENDER: And just what the devil do you mean, sir, locking people up at the War Office?
ROGERS: She's a bit excitable, Colonel, and I thought she'd better not meet you.
WARRENDER *(sarcastically)*: Thanks for the consideration.
ROGERS: There's just one other favor I'd like to ask.
WARRENDER: Well?
ROGERS: If *she* asks for a pass, don't give it to her. Don't give it to her under any circumstances!
WARRENDER: What's her name?
ROGERS: Susie Dubois.
WARRENDER: You're rather late for that, young man. The Public Relations Office granted her a pass two hours ago.
ROGERS: A woman? To an anti-aircraft battery?
WARRENDER: This is what we call a mixed battery. Women on the guns as well as men. She said it would make a good

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"Miss Hoskins, I'm afraid you may not be cut out for undercover intelligence work."

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human interest story for the press. I must say I agree with her. Oh, *(warningly)* one moment, Mr. Rogers, before you go?

ROGERS: Yes, sir?

WARRENDER: That gun post is fully two miles from the factory. . .

ROGERS: I imagined it would be. . .

WARRENDER: You can go there. But if you take one step further, you'll be shot. Now I warn you.

ROGERS: I'll take warning, Colonel. *How* are they going to attack a factory they can't find?

(Music up. Narrator speaks through)

NARRATOR: *Somewhere in the West Country, as a yellow moon rises over bare trees and a white mist, moving, clings to the ground. . .*

(Music fades to motorcar engine.)

ROGERS: Susie, are you sure we're on the right road?

SUZY *(plaintively)*: Oh, mon cher, they have taken away all the sign posts in case there is an invasion. . .

ROGERS: I know that!

SUZY: But I follow the map, and the way cannot be wrong.

ROGERS: We've been driving for hours. It must be. . .yes, it is. . .nearly half past nine. Trees, trees, and still more trees.

SUZY: There is a break in the trees ahead. It will be open country in a minute.

ROGERS: And leaves plastered across the road like a barrier.

SUZY: But *one* thing I tell you, just between you and me and the bedpost. . .

ROGERS: Gatepost, Susie. The phrase is "between you and me and the gatepost."

SUZY *(sternly)*: I am speaking the English very well, thank you. I do not need your help to be pure!

ROGERS: All right, all right!

SUZY: This map. . .

ROGERS: What about it?

SUZY: It says we should go through a lot of villages. Mitford, Archerdene, and Saffron Weevil. And I have not seen any villages.

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ROGERS *(sharply)*: Did you say Mitford?
SUZY: Yes, mon cher.
(Brakes are put on. Car stops abruptly.)
ROGERS: Susie, let me have a look at that map! Come on! Hand it over!
SUZY *(wailing)*: But what is wrong, mon cher? It is a perfectly good map.
ROGERS *(quietly)*: Yes, Susie. It's a fine map. It's an excellent map. *(Bursting out)* Only it's a map of the wrong county!
SUZY: I have made a mistake, yes?
ROGERS: This is a map of Barsetshire. We are, or should be, somewhere in Glebeshire. But where in Satan's name *are* we?
SUZY: We are at the entrance to some kind of clearing, with leaves under us, and . . .
(Distantly, rather hollow and ghostly, a voice calls.)
VOICE: Ha-looa there! Ha-looa there!
SUZY *(alarmed)*: What was that?
ROGERS: It was somebody calling us. And if we're in a forbidden area . . .
SUZY: I see him now!
ROGERS: Where?
SUZY: Behind us! He come out of a white cottage back there. He is a big heavy man with a mustache.
ROGERS: Never mind the mustache. He's wearing some kind of uniform, and he's got a rifle.
SUZY: You think he plug us? No?
ROGERS: I think it's smacking well likely. Get out those War Office passes of ours. Quick!
(McAllister speaks. He has a very deep, almost sepulchral voice.)
McALLISTER: Good evening, my friends.
ROGERS: Er. . .good evening.
McALLISTER: Can you tell me . . .
SUZY *(crying out)*: We don't mean any harm! We are lost!
McALLISTER: Can you tell me . . .what time it is?
ROGERS *(let down)*: What time it is?
McALLISTER: Yes.
ROGERS: It's twenty-eight and a half minutes past nine.
McALLISTER *(gravely)*: Thank you. I will keep you covered while I set my watch. My next question is, would you like me to shoot you both?

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ROGERS: I tell you, Mr. . . Mr. . .
McALLISTER: McAllister. Captain McAllister.
ROGERS: Captain, this girl has been reading the wrong map. We don't even know where we are!
McALLISTER: You're in Holywood Forest.
ROGERS: Holywood Forest!
SUZY *(under her breath)*: Is that good or bad?
McALLISTER: And you don't even know what's just beyond the edge of this clearing?
ROGERS: No.
McALLISTER: There's a big open space for a quarter of a mile. And in the middle of that open. . .
ROGERS: Q Factory! We're dead on top of it!
McALLISTER: Then you have heard of Q. Factory, my friend?
ROGERS: Captain McAllister, we're from the War Office, and we've got passes to prove it.
McALLISTER: Let's see the passes.
ROGERS: We were trying to find gun site number. . .I've forgotten the number, but it's on that card.
McALLISTER: You've passed the gun site. It's two miles back up the road. All right: here are your passes.
SUZY: What are you going to do to us?
McALLISTER: I'm not the regular army, and you can thank your stars I'm not. *(faintly chuckling)* I'm in Forestry Preservation.
SUZY: You're not going to chuck us into the cooler, even?
McALLISTER: No. Turn that car around and get back along this road as fast as you can. If they fire at you, as they probably will. . .
SUZY: I wish I am at home. Cre nom! How I wish I am at home!
McALLISTER: Then hope for the best. My watch stopped, and you did me a good turn. Now hurry along. Hurry!
(Strong flourish of music)

NARRATOR: *The gun site of a heavy ack-ack battery. Four three-point-seven guns against a moon glowing clear white. White as the concrete emplacements, sealed against light, where the crews. . . men and women. . . sit waiting, waiting, waiting. . .*

(Lieutenant Bronson speaks. He is young; he has a breezy offhand manner.)

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BRONSON: Glad to have you here, both of you. Oh, and by the way, *(apologetically)* I'm Bronson, Site Commander, you know. I'm in charge of this ruddy place.
ROGERS *(grimly)*: Susie and I are glad to get here.
BRONSON: Don't see why you should be, old boy.
ROGERS: No?
BRONSON *(being fair)*: Nice country, of course. Good air and everything. But dull. Dull as ditchwater.
(Distantly, as though heard behind a door, an accordion begins to play "Roll out the Barrel.")
ROGERS: What's that?
BRONSON: Only some of the lads and lassies inside. Like to walk along the emplacement here?
ROGERS: Is that allowed?
BRONSON: Certainly, old boy. Why not? Bright moon tonight, isn't it?
ROGERS: Bombers' Moon.
SUZY: We nearly got shot on the way here.
ROGERS: Steady, Susie! *(Under his breath fiercely)*: We're not supposed to have been there!
SUZY: If I nearly get shot, I'm going to *say* I nearly get shot! It was a man which is called McAllister.
BRONSON: Old Mac? Very decent sort, Mac. He's a tree doctor.
SUZY: A what?
BRONSON: Tree doctor. Got to have wood, you know. But trees start to die. Mac goes round the edge of the clearing and smears 'em well. How did you come to meet him?
ROGERS: The fact is, Lieutenant Bronson, we nearly got as far as the factory tonight.
BRONSON *(startled)*: Oh? Then you were lucky to get back alive!
ROGERS: There weren't any barrage-ballons over the factory, I noticed.
BRONSON *(dryly)*: Hardly, old boy. They wouldn't advertise, would they? With ballons in open country?
ROGERS: And if the Germans *did* use dive bombers. . .?
BRONSON: They're not coming, old boy. Just make up your mind to that.
ROGERS: I wonder if you'll say so, at ten o'clock?
BRONSON: But it *is* ten o'clock, old boy.
ROGERS: It's what?
BRONSON: It is ten o'clock — just half a minute past.

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ROGERS: It can't be! We drove back here like blazes! It was only half-past nine then.

BRONSON *(coolly)*: Then your watch must be very slow. And I've never seen a quieter night. Cold but very dry for March. Look all around you. Moonlight and open country. Not a sign of life in it. Quiet, peaceful, and silent as the gra—

(A shattering alarm bell ringing in short bursts interrupts him; it lasts only a few seconds. The accordion squawks and dies.)

SUZY *(crying out)*: What was that?

BRONSON *(agreeably surprised)*: By George, I think we've got some visitors. I think we're going to see some fun.

A MAN'S VOICE *(distantly)*: Enemy planes approaching south. . . south. . . west. Action stations! Enemy planes approaching south-south-west.

(In the background begins a rapid hubbub, in which footsteps and doors, but no words spoken, can be discerned.)

ROGERS: *Now* do you believe me, Lieutenant?

BRONSON: Better stand back, old boy. Operations crew coming on.

ROGERS: I said, *now* do you believe me?

BRONSON: I want you to watch these girls work. They do everything, you know, except actually fire the guns. . . Keep your hair on, old boy.

ROGERS: Susie, he won't believe it even yet.

BRONSON: They'll only be going over, old boy.

ROGERS: You think so?

BRONSON: Yes. We sometimes get a crack at 'em when they're making for Bristol.

SUZY *(sharply)*: Listen!

(It is now absolutely still. After a pause we hear, very distantly, the throbbing bombers. At first only a ghost of a sound, it gradually grows louder.)

SUZY *(whispering)*: I have heard that noise a thousand times. But every time I hear it, my stomach go flop-flop.

BRONSON *(muttering)*: They're flying ruddy low, you know.

ROGERS *(muttering)*: Just what I was thinking.

BRONSON *(calling)*: Spotter! SPOTTER! Any identification?

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE *(calling distantly)*: Junkers. . . 88s!

ROGERS *(under his breath)*: Dive bombers!

FIRST GIRL'S VOICE: Height. . . five thousand, two hundred.

BRONSON *(casually)*: Look here, you two newspaper people.

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ROGERS: Well?
BRONSON *(casually)*: Might be things popping, you know. Can't tell. Like to get below?
ROGERS: No, thanks.
SUZY: I am not liking this at all. But I stay where I am. Yes?
MAN'S VOICE *(shouting distantly)*: Range finder?
SECOND GIRL'S VOICE *(distant)*: Range finder. . .on. . . target!
BRONSON: Look here, you two. Those War Office passes you gave me. . .
ROGERS: What about 'em?
BRONSON: I'm not supposed to keep 'em. I'd better give 'em back. Just in case.
MAN'S VOICE *(distant)*: Predictor?
THIRD GIRL'S VOICE: Predictor. . .on. . .target!
BRONSON *(delighted)*: Here we go, ladies and gents.
THIRD GIRL'S VOICE: *Fire!*
(Gun concussion. Then three more, not quite so close.)
SECOND MAN'S VOICE *(close at hand)*: Headquarters' message, sir.
BRONSON: Yes, Corporal?
SECOND MAN: "Hold your fire. Night fighters taking off."
SUZY: What is the matter with them?
ROGERS: With who?
SUZY: Those Boche planes. They are still a good way off. But they don't come any closer.
ROGERS: They're circling.
No. I think they're waiting for a signal.
BRONSON: Anyway, here are your War Office passes. You seem to have got them all smeared with oil.
ROGERS *(blankly)*: Oil?
SUZY: That is all right, mon cher.
ROGERS: Is it?
SUZY: When we get them back from Captain McAllister, they have oil on them. I think maybe he drop them on the leaves, because there is oil on the tires of the car too. And I think how always in this we meet things that burn. At Madame Tussaud's last night, they would not let me smoke a cigarette in case of fire.
ROGERS *(blankly)*: Fire.
BRONSON: What's the matter with you, old boy?
ROGERS: Why did that fellow, way out at the end of nowhere,

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want to know what time it was?
BRONSON: Are you scatty?
ROGERS: McAllister. . .you told me so yourself. . .goes round the edges of the clearing and smears the trees with stuff to keep them well.
BRONSON: What about it?
ROGERS: Suppose it was crude oil? Suppose between each tree you laid an invisible fuse of dead leaves soaked in oil?
BRONSON *(vacantly)*: Old wood. . .dry weather. . .
ROGERS: In thirty seconds a complete square of fire runs round the limits of the factory grounds. That draws the bombers in. Then as the flames blaze higher, they've got light enough to dive on their target and. . .
(Rat-tat-tat of gunfire.)
SUZY: I am hearing machinegun fire, no? The night fighters go up!
ROGERS: That's the plan, Bronson. And unless we can stop the swine in seconds instead of minutes. . .Where's that damn car?

(Flourish of music, fading to sound of motorcar.)
ROGERS: Susie, is Bronson following in the car behind us?
SUZY: Yes, he follow. And there is men with rifles.
ROGERS: We've *got* to get to McAllister's cottage!
SUZY: This McAllister. . .
ROGERS: I'll bet you ten to one the real McAllister is either dead or tied up in that cottage. The fellow we saw was an imposter. *(Breaking off)* Look out, Susie! Keep your head down!
(Scream and whine of diving planes; machinegun fire.)
SUZY *(ecstatically)*: Those Beaufighters, they will chew up every Junkers in the lot. They have not got the chance of a snowshoe in heaven.
ROGERS: No, Susie. Not a showshoe in heaven. You mean. . .
SUZY: Cre nom! Must you be English at a time like this? What I cannot understand. . .
ROGERS: Look out!
(Machinegun fire.)
SUZY: I don't see why he has not *done* it. What is delaying him? Why don't he strike a match and start the fire going?
ROGERS: Because he's a good Nazi.
SUZY: A good Nazi?

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ROGERS: My watch was slow, don't you remember? And I gave him the wrong time. He's had orders to strike his match at ten o'clock. And he won't do it until just ten o'clock if there are five hundred planes instead of twenty.
SUZY: Bert! I see him!
ROGERS: Where?
SUZY: Far up the road. He is running.
ROGERS: Can we reach him before he gets to the clearing?
SUZY: No, I don't think . . .
ROGERS: Signal Bronson to pass us! A long shot with a rifle . . .
SUZY: Bert! One of the Junkers is hit! He burn like a neon light.
(Thin distant whistle of bomb.)
ROGERS: Yes, and that's not all. He's unloading his bombs. And the whole stick's coming straight in this direction. Keep your head down!
(Closer bomb.)
SUZY: I want to see . . .
ROGERS: Put your arms over your face! If the glass in this windscreen flies . . .
SUZY: I scrunch down. I do the best I can.
ROGERS: Get ready, Susie, here they come.
(The whush of one still closer. Car stops. Pause.)
SUZY *(in a small voice)*: I . . . I don't feel hurt.
ROGERS: You're not hurt. This is a dirt road. The bomb sank too deeply before it exploded, and we didn't catch the blast. But McAllister . . . you'd better not look.
SUZY *(slight pause)*: A Nazi bomb?
ROGERS: Yes, Susie.. A Nazi bomb.
(Rat-tat-tat of machinegun fire; plane noises fading into music.)
SUZY: Look. On the ground. What are those two white cards?
ROGERS: They're all smeared with oil. They must have fallen out of McAllister's pocket just before he got hit. Let's see. *(Pause)* What d'you know!
SUZY: What are the cards, Bert?
ROGERS: Two tickets to Madame Tussaud's Waxworks. I'm afraid our friend's never going to get to use them.
SUZY: Not the chance of a showshoe in heaven.
(Rat-tat-tat of machinegun fire; plane noises fading into music.)

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Strange advice from the authors:

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But that's only the beginning, if the peaceniks have their way and Russia ever does take over. The alternative might be to spend the rest of your days up near the Arctic Circle.

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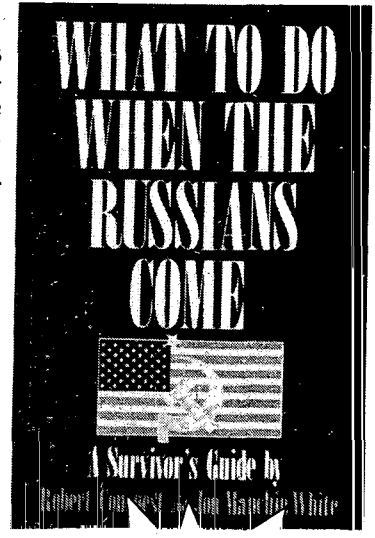
Not on your life — and we use those words advisedly. This one is by Robert Conquest, who probably knows as much about the Soviets as any Westerner alive today. Conquest, now a senior research fellow at the Hoover Institution, wrote the classic study of Stalin's reign of murder, *The Great Terror*. Co-author Jon Manchip White is the Lindsay Young Professor of English at the University of Tennessee. So you'll be reading a serious book about a grim possibility. This isn't a *1984*-style fantasy. *This book is based entirely upon what hundreds of millions have suffered when the Communists took over — but with ingenious variations added especially for America.*



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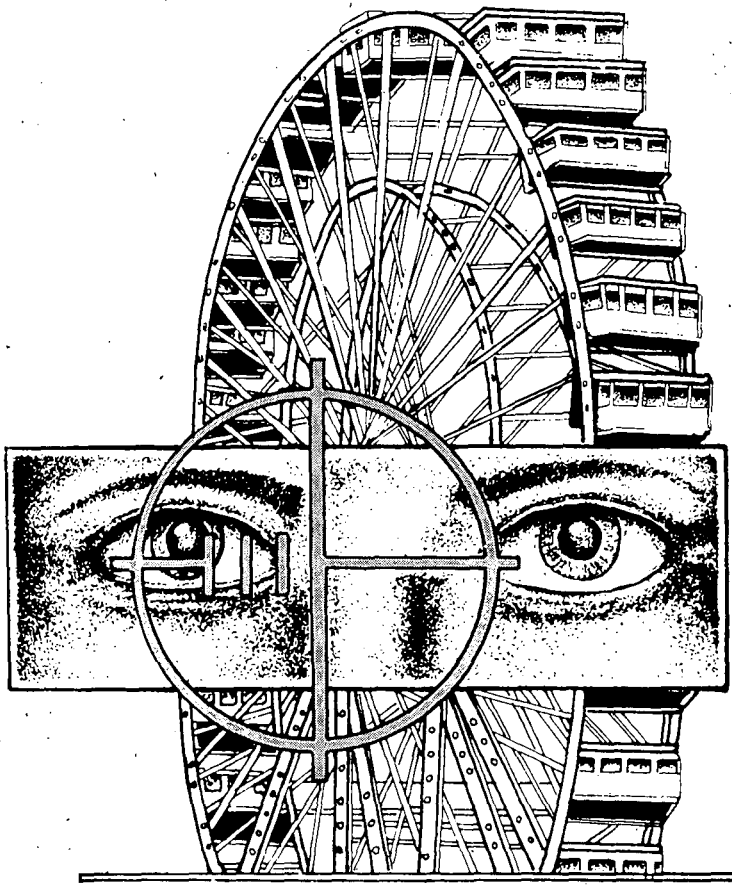

ASSIGNMENT: VIENNA

PART I

by Josh Pachter

When you're in my line of work, you learn to look at a gunshot wound as just another occupational hazard, and there are lots of places where I really wouldn't be all that surprised if I wound up getting shot. I don't mean places like the shoulder or the heart or the head. I mean places like dark deserted alleyways in Leningrad or *light*

Illustration by Mike Romesburg

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deserted alleyways in Istanbul or light busy *thoroughfares* in Tangiers, or just about anyplace where there's room enough for an enemy agent carrying a gun and a grudge.

There are, however, a few places where I can pretty reasonably expect that I am *not* going to get shot. Like in the toilet, for instance. Or alone in a rowboat in the middle of an empty lake. Or — I was shot once at the top of a ferris wheel, which is another place where I would normally expect to be safe; all four slugs hit me in the stomach.

I was in Vienna. Why I was there isn't really important just yet: let's say I had come to see a man about some documents. Well, I'd seen the man, and the documents were wrapped up in a neat little package in my pocket, and before heading back to Washington to turn them over to the agency I work for I decided to treat myself to an evening of fun at the Prater.

The Prater, if you don't know it, is a huge amusement park in the northeast corner of the city, just south of the Blue Danube, which is green. I hadn't been to a fun fair in years, and that night I made up for lost time with a vengeance. I rode the bumper cars, knocking hell out of everyone in sight and getting the hell knocked out of me in return. I looped the loop and cracked the whip, trembled through the Horror House with its day-glo goblins and ghosts and groped through the Glass House with its insidious mirrors. I fed the slot machines and threw softballs at piles of metal milk cans, drank ice-cold beer and munched on candied almonds and greasy bratwurst. All around me were bustling, laughing crowds of merrymakers, and I bustled and laughed with them, swimming through the blaring music and the roar of machinery and the aura and aroma of the intensely singleminded worship of the goddess Joy.

I saved the Riesenrad for last.

Remember *The Third Man*, the part where Orson Welles and Joseph Cotton want to meet somewhere where no one can possibly overhear them, so they go for a ride on this enormous ferris wheel?

That's the Riesenrad: 64.75 meters high, built back in 1896 by an Englishman named Bassett, destroyed by bombs and fire in 1945, back in operation by the end of 1946.

It's an impressive sight, and a little after 10 that evening — properly impressed — I paid my 20 shillings and climbed into a car and took off.

The car was empty except for me, and I welcomed the chance

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of a rest from the clamor of the crowds. The wheel stopped at its first observation point and I lowered a window and leaned out.

It was an unusual feeling, alone in that car, so close to the riotous excitement in the park below, yet, at the same time, so completely separated from it. A smile flickered across my face and, softly, I began to whistle the *Third Man Theme*.

It took about 10 minutes for the car to reach the top of its circle. The view was magnificent. The Prater lay spread out beneath me, an hallucination of swirling colors and clashing noises. I found that, with a little concentration, I could separate the sounds: that pinging was from the pinball arcade over there, that laughter from the beer garden with all the Chinese lanterns.

I turned my head, and the lights of the amusement park blurred and blended into the lights of the city. Somewhere out there were people in evening clothes applauding German opera, people in restaurants eating late snacks of wienerschnitzel and kartoffelsalat, people fighting, people making love, thousands of people carrying on the thousands of intrigues which make up daily life in a big city.

It, too, was an impressive sight, and I whistled my few notes of zither music and soaked it up avidly.

And then I heard the sound of a shot, and something slammed into my chest.

There was no pain, at first, only shock and disbelief and an instant of wondering what the hell had happened. And then I staggered back from the window and another shot hit me, and another, and another, and the lights and sounds of the Prater surged very close and whirled around me furiously, and then I was falling and the bright lights faded to an overwhelming blackness . . .

The room was very dark. Someone was making puttering-around noises, and the first thought that popped into my head was that maybe I ought to find out who it was.

"How 'bout turning on a couple of lights?" I muttered weakly.

"How about opening your eyes?" a cheerful voice suggested.

That seemed like a good idea to me. I eased one lid up carefully, and then the other, and there I was, lying on my back in a big, comfortable bed in a sunny, white, antiseptic-smelling room with a funny, not entirely unpleasant sensation in the pit of my stomach.

"Good morning," the cheerful

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voice sang brightly, and its owner strolled around the side of the bed and into my field of vision. She was a nurse, dressed head to toe in crisp, starchy white. Soft hair the color of cornhusks spilled out from beneath her pert white cap; her skin was smooth and tan, her eyes a deep and liquid blue. She had the kind of fresh prettiness you want to reach out and touch, because you know if you do you'll be touching real woman and not just some glossy four-color photo from a fashion magazine.

"You're a lucky guy," she said, speaking English without any trace of an accent. "The doctors picked enough lead out of your stomach to start a pencil factory."

"They make pencils out of graphite, sweetheart," I told her out of the side of my mouth in my world-famous Bogart impression.

"Really?" she came back sweetly. "Well, they must have made your gut out of cast iron, dollface."

"Welcome, stranger in a strange land," I grinned, recognizing the tones of a fellow New Yorker. "The Bronx, right?"

"You got me," she winced. "I'm in Vienna on a fellowship, studying at the University and working half-time here. My name's Kathy Turner."

"Please to meet you, Kathy." I told her my own name, though I figured they'd gotten it off my driver's license by now. "Listen, I'd love to lie around here and chat with you, babe, but I've got a couple of things to take care of." I swept my blankets away and tried to sit up, but jagged needles of pain bit into me like salt crystals into ice and I fell back gasping for breath, hot tears stinging at the corners of my eyes.

"You're not going anywhere, babe," Kathy sighed, tucking the covers back around me. "Not for a week or so, anyway."

"How long have I been out?" I wanted to know, my teeth still gritted against the pain.

"Since the night before last. You're pretty cute when you're sleeping; did anyone ever tell you that?"

"My mother used to say it all the time. Hey, I don't want to sound nosy or anything, but do you think you could possibly tell me what the hell happened to me?"

"You got yourself shot," said Kathy simply. "Lucky for you there was a doctor waiting on line to ride the ferris wheel, and he had his medical bag with him. When the shots went off, although no one knew exactly what had happened, they brought the ferris wheel around to empty it. They found you and the doctor managed to patch you up well enough so they

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could move you here." She looked down at the bandages covering my stomach and shook her head. "You ought to be dead, you know."

"Thanks for the kind word," I grumbled.

"Sure." She looked up at my face again and smiled. "Boy, I'm glad you're on my ward. You're a celebrity; can you beat that? Your picture's in all the papers. *Mystery Shooting on Ferris Wheel. Police Baffled.* Like that."

I was incredulous. "You mean they don't know who shot me?"

"Are you kidding?" It was Kathy's turn to stare. "They haven't got a clue. You were alone in the car when you went up, you were alone when they brought you down. The angle of entry of the bullets shows you were shot from above, but there weren't any holes in the roof of the car."

"The window!" I exclaimed. "I was standing looking out at the city when it happened! The window was open!"

"But you were shot from above, doll," she explained patiently, "and your car was right at the top of the wheel when it happened. Unless you think you got it from a helicopter."

I subsided back onto the bed.

"Besides," Kathy went on, "there were powder burns on your shirt. You were shot from no more than an inch or two away. Listen, there's a nasty-looking police lieutenant sitting right outside that door there: He's been here ever since the ambulance brought you in, and he's been kind of hoping *you* could tell *him* what happened on the Riesenrad."

"But I don't *know* what happened!" I groaned. "I was just standing there, looking out the window, and all of a sudden I felt the shots hit and I blacked out. There wasn't any helicopter, and there wasn't anyone anywhere near me!"

And that was when I remembered the documents.

"Hey!" I practically shouted. "What did you do with the package that was in the left inside breast pocket of the sports coat I was wearing?"

"Huh?" said Kathy blankly.

"There was a small package in my pocket," I repeated, horribly certain of what was coming but hoping desperately I was wrong about it. "About eight inches long, five inches wide and two inches deep, wrapped in plain brown paper and tied with white twine. Where is it, Kathy?"

Her brow furrowed, and I watched her think. It didn't take her long to come up with the answer I was afraid of. "There wasn't any package on you when they brought you in," she said at last. "It must have slipped out of your pocket in all

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the confusion. Maybe it'll turn up."

Maybe it won't, I told myself unhappily. And I knew in that instant the name of the man who had shot me. I didn't know how he had managed it, that much was still a mystery. But I'd been plugged by Harry Marlin, that much was obvious.

It had taken me six weeks and a journey of eight thousand miles to catch up with Marlin, and another week to get the documents away from him. But now he had them back, and it looked like I was going to have to start all over again.

This time, though, the documents were not all I wanted Harry for. There was also the small matter of those four damn holes in my stomach — four holes that would give him at least a few days' head-start on me — and those four holes were a score that was going to have to be settled . . .

"You know," Kathy mused, "it's funny you should bring up that one particular pocket of your sports coat like that."

"Funny?" I said. "What's funny about it?"

"Well, that's one thing that's been bothering the cops. They couldn't understand what the message on that index card of yours meant."

"What index card of mine?" I asked her sharply.

"You know. The one in that pocket of your coat."

I ran my tongue over my lower lip. There had been no index card in my pocket five minutes before I boarded the Riesenrad, when I'd checked to make sure the package was okay. "You say there was a *message* on this card?"

"Sure," said Kathy, surprised. "Don't you remember? It said, 'Thanks. It's been a pleasure doing business with you.' And underneath that was a drawing of a long, mean-looking fish, like a shark. What did you mean by that, anyway?"

A long fish, I thought. *Like a shark.*

Shark, nothing!

The only thing it could possibly be was a picture of a marlin.

I gritted my teeth against the pain in my stomach.

My interview with Lieutenant Edvard Lassing was long and irritating. His idea was that I'd shot myself for some reason, and then tossed the gun out the window of the ferris wheel to an accomplice waiting down below, who'd gotten rid of it for me. It took me most of an hour to convince him that I really kind of liked myself, and that even if I *had* wanted to commit suicide there were certainly less complicated ways of doing so.

Finally he was satisfied that

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somebody actually *had* tried to kill me. We then spent another 40 minutes with me telling him no, I hadn't seen whoever it was who'd shot me and there was nothing I could tell him that was likely to help him any, and him saying a lot of things in German that I didn't understand but that didn't much sound like get-well-soon wishes.

Kathy, who Lassing addressed as Fraulein Turner, rescued me by coming in and announcing that I needed to get my beauty sleep.

But Lieutenant Lassing would be back, he warned me, and I smiled and nodded and murmured some things in colloquial English that he didn't understand but that were by no means hurry-back-I'll-miss-yous.

I talked with Kathy for a while, and then she said I really *did* need to get some sleep, and she left.

I didn't do much sleeping, though. In fact, I didn't sleep at all. What I did was think.

I had been shot, that much was certain. And from that basic premise it took no great amount of brain power to conclude that, *since* I'd been shot, *someone* must have shot me. Continuing this brilliant line of deductive reasoning a few steps further, it was evident that (1) since someone had shot me, and (2) since the only person I could think of who (a) had a motive for shooting me and (b) was definitely in Vienna at the time it happened was Harry Marlin, and (3) since the documents Marlin had stolen back in Washington were once again missing, and, lastly, (4) since an official Harry Marlin calling card had been left in my pocket after the shooting — therefore, hence, ergo, and Q.E.D., it was Marlin who had plugged me up there at the top of the Riesenrad.

So far, so good, right?

Only this was where it all began to get confusing.

Harry Marlin had shot me. That was logically and obviously true. The only problem was that Marlin couldn't *possibly* have shot me under the circumstances as I remembered them. Worse than that, *no one* could have shot me: I was completely alone in that ferris wheel car, yet I'd been shot from less than half a foot away; I'd been shot from above, yet my car was at the *top* of the wheel when it happened.

Alright, so no one could possibly have shot me.

But I had four holes in my belly, and they hurt like a sonofabitch.

There was no conceivable way for Harry Marlin to have shot me, and yet somehow he'd managed to do it anyway.

I pressed the buzzer by the

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side of my bed and asked Kathy Turner for a sleeping pill.

The next morning, I started in on it again, going over my memories for the hundredth time.

I'd been looking out the open window of the car, down past the iron gridwork of the Riesenrad at the lights of the Prater below. The screeches of people roaring down the steep slope of the roller coaster reached me clearly. Colors flickered gaily and bells clanged from a gallery of pinball machines and video games. Glasses clinked and drunken voices sang from a crowded beer garden — it had been a warm night, and I remembered thinking how great a beer would have tasted right then.

Then there was the first explosion, and the bullet slapped into me, pushing me away from the window. There was no pain, really, just a confusing dizziness, and then there was another explosion, and a third, and a fourth, and I collapsed on the floor of the car and the lights went intensely bright, and then everything faded to black.

It just didn't make sense.

I'd been standing by the window, and the shots had been fired from an inch or two in front of me. I would have *had* to have seen whoever was out there holding the gun.

But I hadn't seen anyone. And how could there have been anyone out there in the first place? There was nothing to hold onto, nothing outside that window but air.

I pounded my mattress with an angry fist. And winced as the stinging pain stabbed through my stomach. And started all over again . . .

The window, the lights, the noises below, the car gently swaying back and forth in the faint evening breeze, and then the first explosion, the bullet slamming into my chest, the shock, the —

The bullet slamming into my *chest*?

But all four shots had hit me in the *stomach*.

I forced my mind back over it again and again, straining fiercely to remember the scene, positive it was only a momentary trick my memory was playing on me.

But the more I thought about it, the surer I was.

That night on the ferris wheel, I had been shot four times in the chest.

And yet, two days later, I had regained consciousness with four holes in my stomach.

It took me over an hour to work out the details. The problem was, I'd been look-

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ing at it backwards. I knew it was impossible for anyone to have shot me, so I naturally assumed that once anyone had worked out a way to do *that*, swiping the package of documents and planting that index card in my pocket would have been child's play. Now, though, I turned it all around and realized that whoever had had an opportunity to switch the card for the package must also have had the chance to shoot me.

Once I had all the angles worked out to my satisfaction, I buzzed for Kathy to put my theory to the test.

"I think I'm onto something," I told her. "Can I ask you some questions?"

"Sure," she said. "Shoot."

I groaned.

"Oops, sorry. I mean, go ahead."

"Okay. First question: just what exactly happened on the night I got shot?"

She grimaced. "Aren't you supposed to start with the easy ones and work your way up?"

I waited.

"You mean it, huh? Well, okay, you asked for it: The story of the brave American visitor's war wounds, as narrated by Kathleen Turner and based on the newspaper accounts and whatever tidbits she's been able to bribe out of Lieutenant Lassing in exchange for assorted sandwiches and cups of coffee. As we join our hero — "

"Come on," I muttered, "knock it off."

"You want it straight, do you?" Her eyes were sparkling, but when she started in again she was serious. "You were alone in the car at the top of the wheel. It was pretty noisy down below, but everyone nearby heard the four shots clearly. A crowd collected while they were bringing your car down, and a doctor elbowed his way up front to see if he could help. He was waiting on line to ride the ferris wheel and, thank God, he happened to have his bag with him."

"This doctor," I cut in. "Was he an Austrian?"

"No, an American. He was in Vienna for some kind of medical convention, I think."

"What was his name?"

She paused for a moment, then shook her head. "I don't remember. But Lassing's still out there, waiting for you to come up with something important. Do you want me to ask him?"

"Yeah. And while you're at it, mention that package I lost and tell him I want to get in touch with the doctor and with the other people who were in the Riesenrad car with us, to see if any of them might know what happened to it. Get all the names and addresses from him, okay?"

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"Sure thing," Kathy said. "I'll be back in a flash."

It took her about a flash and a half, but when she came back into the room she smiled and said: "The Lieutenant was completely cooperative. And if you're thinking what I think you're thinking, I've got good news. He says nobody ever got the doctor's name — after he patched you up and saw you into the ambulance, he seems to have disappeared. And get this: when the doctor went in to have a look at you, he said he didn't want a bunch of rubbernecks crowding around and making the air all stuffy. So he had the ferris wheel operator and a few other men hold the spectators back until he had a chance to get you bandaged up. Which means the two of you were in there for almost 10 minutes, behind closed doors, by yourselves, before the police arrived, with you unconscious the entire time. Is that good?"

"Good?" I yelped. "Kathy, it's perfect! I know exactly how he did it, now."

"How who did what?"

"How the bastard who shot me shot me, dummy!"

"Okay, then, well, *how*?"

"It was simple," I sighed, "incredibly simple."

She put her hands on her hips and stood there giving me the evil eye. "Quit telling me how simple it was and *tell* me already," she growled, in her best no-nonsense nurse's voice, "or so help me I'll sock you one in the stomach!"

"You're awful cute when you're mad," I grinned.

"I'm not kidding, buster!"

"Okay, okay!" I held up my hands in defeat. "Look, according to the angle of entry of the bullets, I was shot from above, right? But I couldn't *possibly* have been shot when the wheel was at the top of its circle, right?"

She nodded slowly.

"Of course right! So what could be more obvious? If I couldn't have been shot at that particular time, when I was fully conscious and would have seen whoever was out there shooting at me, then clearly I *wasn't* shot at that time. And if I wasn't shot then, then I must have been shot later on, when I was *unconscious*."

"Well, sure, that makes sense, but — "

"No buts, Charley! Just look how beautifully he set the thing up: They hear the shots on the ground, so they bring down the cars to have a look. A doctor, who just happens to have brought his medical kit with him to an amusement park, goes in to examine me, making sure no one else can see what he's up to. And as soon as the door to the car is closed, he opens his bag, pulls out a pistol

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with a silencer on it and a pillow and fires four shots through the pillow into my stomach. Thanks to the hubbub outside and the silencer and the pillow, nobody hears those four extra gunshots, and the pillow has the added advantage of slowing down the bullets enough so they don't kill me. Somewhere along the line, the doctor takes a package out of my pocket and replaces it with an index card with a message on it. Then, after bandaging me up all nice and neatly, he loads the gun back into his bag with the pillow and my package, has me sent off to the hospital, and disappears into the crowd. Neat, huh?"

"But the shots," Kathy pointed out sensibly. "Everybody heard them, and you felt them, and you were unconscious."

"Everybody heard *something*, and I *felt* something, but what I felt hit me in the chest and the shots hit me in the stomach, so what I felt was *not* the shots."

"Then what the hell *was* it?"

"Ah," I raised my eyebrows and nodded, "that's where the story begins to get complicated. I can't be 100 per cent sure about all this, but it must have gone something like this." I scrunched around in bed a little, trying to find a more comfortable position for storytelling. There didn't seem to be one, though, so I gave it up and went on. "My man must have followed me from my hotel to the Prater that evening. Now, people bump up against you all the time at a busy amusement park, so I probably didn't even notice it when he knocked into me somewhere along the line. Hell, even if I *had* noticed, he was all got up as this phony American doctor, so I probably wouldn't have recognized him anyway. Anyway, he bumped into me, and when he did he managed to slip something into my inside breast pocket without my noticing it."

"The index card!" Kathy pounced.

"No, I imagine that came later, while I was lying there unconscious in the ferris wheel car. What he put in my pocket that first time was a small, remote-controlled tape recorder, one of those James Bond futuristic specials with a couple of fancy gadgets built into it. So then he kept on tailing me until he saw me climb onto the Riesenrad all by myself, and that's when he knew his time had come. He didn't have to do it there and then, he could just as easily have waited until I went back to my hotel and boarded an empty elevator, or any other time when he knew I was alone and he could be the first person to reach me."

"But what did he *do*?" Kathy

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demanded.

"He waited until my car reached the top of the ferris wheel, and then he pressed a button on the remote-control device he was carrying. That set off the first shot."

"But you just said — "

"Not a real shot. A tape recording of a shot."

"But you felt the bullets! They knocked you out!"

"That's what made the illusion so real. Not only did I hear the shots — I felt them, too, and they knocked me out. So when I woke up, a few days later, I naturally assumed that I'd been shot while I was up at the top of the Riesenrad. As far as I could tell, there'd only been one agent — the shots themselves — and that one agent had caused each of the three effects I experienced. But actually there were *three* agents, each of which caused only *one* effect."

Kathy's lovely face clouded over.

"The tape recorder," I explained. "That was the first agent, and the sound of the shots was the first effect. The second agent was some kind of kicker device built into the recorder. Every time my friend down below punched his remote-control button, something in that gadget smashed into my chest good and hard — and because it was accompanied by the sound of a gunshot, that's what I automatically figured it was. I remember noticing at the time that there was no real *pain*, like there should have been if a bullet had actually just torn into my body; just the shock of that thing smacking into me."

"And how come you blacked out?"

"That was the third effect. The third agent must have been something like a nozzle spraying knockout gas, again built into the tape-recorder device. So all the guy on the ground had to do was slip his gimmick into my pocket, wait for the appropriate moment, and then press his button four times. I heard four shots, I felt four shots, and I lost consciousness. And when I woke up and found out that I really *had* been shot four times, I'd've been crazy to have suspected I'd been shot at any time other than up there at the top of the Riesenrad, even though that *seemed* impossible. It was a brilliant plan," I had to admit. "Absolutely brilliant."

"But what was the *point* of it?" Kathy insisted. "Why take so many risks trying to pull off an impossible-looking crime out of a detective story, and then leave you alive to figure it all out?"

"First of all," I said, "he wasn't really taking any risks at all. If I'd found the device in my

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pocket and thrown it away, or if I hadn't gone up in the ferris wheel alone, he could have just tried something different or waited for another chance. Even if everything had gone off right, and then at the last minute someone else had come into the car with him after all, all he had to do was take a cursory look at me, announce that there weren't any bullet holes in me and I'd apparently just fainted, and walk off. No, he was safe, no matter how things turned out."

"Alright, but still, why go to all that trouble? I mean, why didn't he just corner you in a dark alley and bop you over the head, if he wanted your mysterious package so damn badly? Wouldn't that have been an awful lot simpler and cheaper than putting together all this sophisticated electronic gadgetry? Seriously, sweetie, this is starting to sound like *The Spy Who Came in from The Cold* or something."

I took a deep breath. It was time to tell her the truth, I decided. Some of it, anyway.

to be continued . . .

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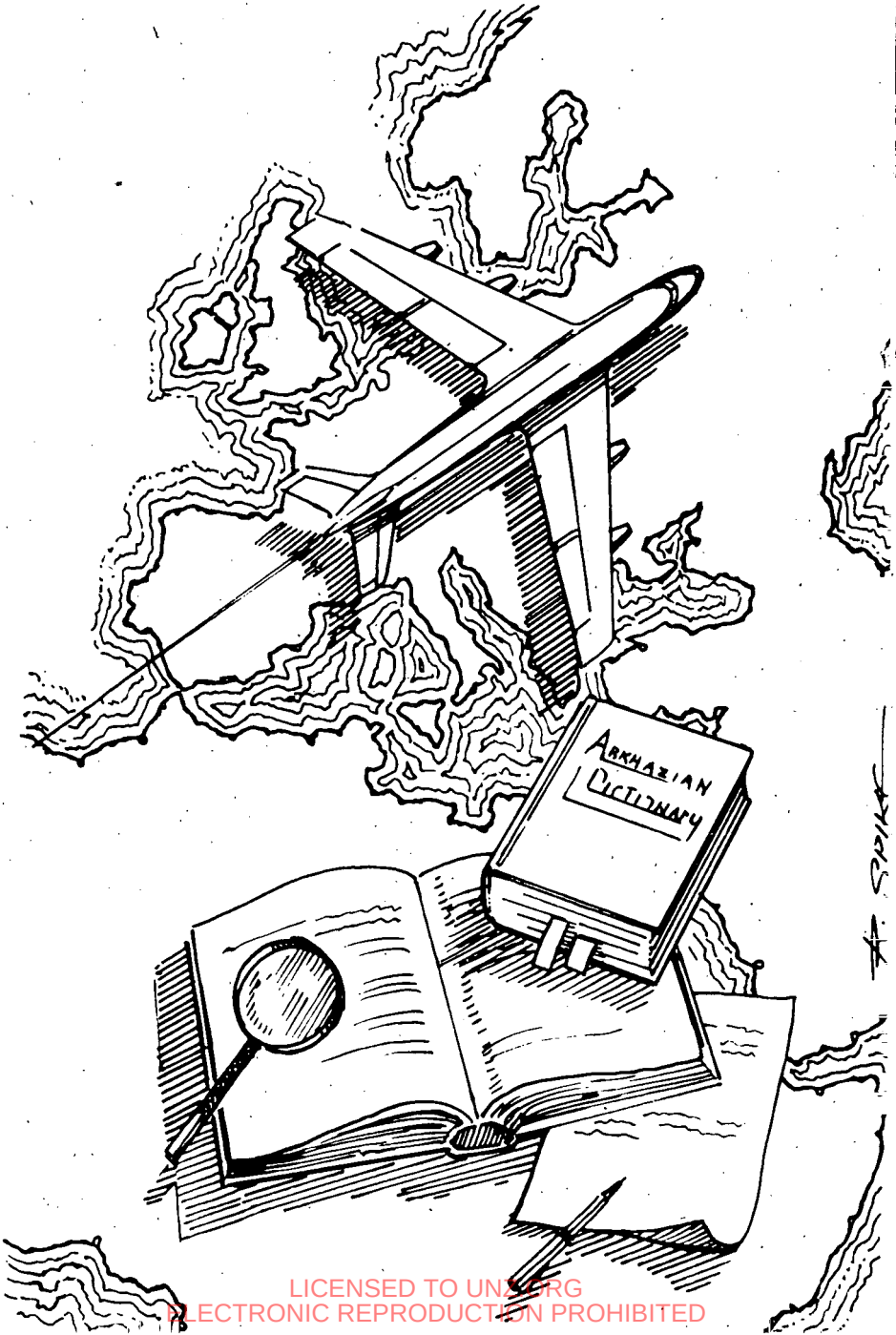

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THE LAST SPEAKERS OF Oubykh

by Stuart Symons

I remembered exactly where I had put it before I had left last evening, and it wasn't there now. I had put it on top of a stack of newspapers from Tiflis and Baku.

I looked around the room. Everyone else was bent over his desk, reading, or at least pretending to read, and I am quite sure, from the production statistics that I have been keeping for over thirty years, that that's about all some of them ever did.

I stood up and cleared my throat. Not everybody looked up from his work. But I was used to that. As Head of the *Caucasian Linguistic Section*, I commanded very little respect, even from the staff who were supposedly under my authority.

"I put my Abkhazian Dictionary on top of this stack of newspapers before I left last evening, and it's not here now," I said. "I need it. Whoever took it must return it immediately!"

Everybody - those that were still looking at me - stared at me with vacant eyes, then went back to reading the newspapers, magazines, mimeograph sheets, handwritten letters and other publications that had been sent to our section for translation and interpretation.

I could feel the anger welling up inside me, the same anger that my doctor had said would be the death of me before I reached retirement.

I was just about to sit back down when Allison Palmer looked up from the Avar newspaper she was reading. "Just a minute, Mr. Turner," she said. She disappeared under her desk,

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then came back up, my Abkhazian Dictionary in her hands. "Is this what you're looking for?" Her eyes were mocking me.

"You are *Eastern* Caucasian, Miss Palmer," I admonished her. "What could you possibly need with a dictionary of a *Western* Caucasian language?"

"My desk wobbles, Mr. Turner." She tried to say it with a straight face. "I can hardly work well on a wobbly desk, can I? Anyway, I didn't think you were translating Abkhazian this week."

I walked over and took the mimeographed dictionary from her. It had brown footprints and smudge marks all over it. "You've been using this to prop up your desk?"

"Yes, sir." She smiled, showing me her brilliant white teeth.

I couldn't think of anything else to say, so I turned and walked back to my desk and sat down.

I could feel everyone in the room laughing at me. The bastards. To them, I was a joke. They would all be transferred to Slavic as soon as there was an opening.

My telephone rang.

"Turner," I said, trying to keep my composure.

It was my friend Maubrey, from upstairs in *Telecommunications, Caucasian Transmission Section.* He wanted to see me. At once.

"Shall I come down, old boy?" he asked.

"No, no, I'll come up." I was glad for a chance to get out.

Maubrey and I had joined the Service together, straight from university. We had both written Caucasian languages because Stalin's mother tongue had been Georgian. At the time, it had seemed a good choice. Unfortunately, Stalin had died the next year. I suppose you could say the same thing about our careers.

I found Maubrey just outside the entrance to the Telecommunications Section.

"Let's go into the garden," he suggested.

The "garden" was a sunless, moldy piece of earth completely surrounded by the building. The air was stagnant, but it was private air, as most of the Service's staff saw no reason to enter it.

There was a solitary bench in the garden, faded, and covered mostly with pigeon droppings. Maubrey and I sat down on the bench, but only after brushing away the thicker piles. Then I wished I hadn't, because now all I could think about was washing my hands.

"How are things with you today, Turner?" Maubrey asked, after we had settled in and made the obligatory remarks about how awful the "garden" was.

"The usual," I said. "What

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about you?" It was a ritual of ours, these opening remarks. I wanted to go immediately into my complaints about how nothing ever happened in Caucasian; about how those serving under me knew nothing about propriety; about what little respect I commanded. Maubrey had heard it all before, but he listened, and it always made me feel better to complain to him. But something unusual was up, I could tell. Maubrey wasn't his old, tired self. In fact, I should almost describe him as jocular.

"Well, I *could* tell you about Mum. She's not been feeling well lately," Maubrey began, but he said it almost with a grin. I knew how close he was to his mum, so any illness of hers would hardly bring about mirth — unless Maubrey had turned psychotic on me. It had to be something connected to the Service that he was planning to tell me. "But I won't!" he added. Still the grin, and it was widening.

"I could use some *good* news," I said.

Maubrey looked around to see if anybody was watching. Of course, nobody would be, but he was relishing being conspiratorial. Only once or twice in all the years that we had been coming to the garden had anybody ventured out for some stagnant air while we were sitting on the bench. We had easily stared them back inside.

"A message came through yesterday that will be of more than passing interest to you," Maubrey whispered.

Maubrey and I often shared information from our different sections. His was usually more interesting than mine, but once in a while, an article hidden in a Baku newspaper titillated him.

"I'm listening."

"A Red Army colonel from the detachment at Batumi wants to defect."

I looked at him. "This is what you couldn't wait to tell me?"

"This isn't just any colonel," he said, a little crestfallen, but still grinning.

"This will be the part that interests me, I suppose."

Maubrey stopped grinning. "You're spoiling my fun, Turner," he whined. "You could at least be a little more excited about my news."

I sighed. "I had a run-in with Miss Palmer this morning," I told him. "I'm in one of my moods."

"Oh, *her* again," said Maubrey. "What'd she do this time?"

"She used my Abkhazian Dictionary to prop up her desk."

"You've had entirely too much trouble with that bitch. I'd get rid of her if I were you!"

"It isn't that simple," I replied. "She's the only one on staff who can read Avar."

"They get worse every year, don't they," mused Maubrey,

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"Constantine Gori's diary lays bare our whole Soviet network — everything we've built up since 1945."

"the ones that are hired on from the provincial universities?"

"Yes," I said, "worse. But tell me about the message. I'll try to act more interested."

Maubrey's face regained its silly grin. "Our man Thompson, in Batumi, was contacted last week by a Colonel Varentsov. He wants to defect. He's disenchanted with their system, wants a better life; you know, the usual line. He's asked Thompson to make all the necessary arrangements for him to cross into Turkey and then be flown to London for asylum."

"What's he offering?" I asked.

Maubrey paused for effect. "Constantine Gori's diary!"

I felt the blood drain from my face and the air from my lungs. I couldn't believe what I had just heard.

"Constantine Gori's *diary*?" I was finally able to say. "You mean he kept a diary?"

"It looks like it," said Maubrey. I could tell by his expression that he was extremely pleased that he had finally shocked me.

Constantine Gori had been recruited by the Service in 1945, to report on military activity in the Black Sea. He had — I thought — ended his days merely a supplier of newspapers and magazines, and any other publications he could get his hands on, to the *Caucasian Linguistic Section*. He had been dead now for almost two years, the result of a heart condition. His aging widow had shown no interest in continuing his work; we had lately been getting most of our publications from a motley group of Russian merchant seamen.

"How did this Colonel Varentsov obtain the diary?" I asked.

"From Mrs. Gori," said Maubrey, "at least, that was the story he gave Thompson."

"Did she give it to him willingly?" I asked. "Or did he threaten her?"

"I'm sure that Varentsov presented himself in the best possible light to Thompson, but I can't imagine Mrs. Gori willingly giving her husband's diary to a Red Army colonel."

"I agree."

Maubrey still had that silly grin on his face. There was more to this, I was sure.

"I don't really like guessing games, Maubrey, and you know that," I said. "Come clean. Just tell me the whole story."

"You spoil my fun," Maubrey

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whined, in a child-like voice that I was sure he used mostly with his indulgent mum. "But all right."

I looked at my watch. "Shall we continue this over lunch?"

"Can't," said Maubrey. "I'm on a diet."

"Then let's hurry," I snapped, "because I am hungry."

Maubrey slouched on the bench, his mouth in a slight pout. "Somehow or other," he began slowly, "we don't know how yet, this Colonel Varentsov obtained Constantine Gori's diary from Gori's wife. According to Varentsov, and he got this information from Mrs. Gori, he says, the diary is supposed to contain information that the Service would not want made public. It lays bare our whole Soviet network — everything we've built up since 1945."

"Is *supposed* to contain?" I was curious. "If this Colonel Varentsov has the diary, doesn't he know for sure?"

"No . . . and that's where you and I come in."

I looked at him. "What do you mean, 'you and I'?"

"The diary is written in Oubykh!" Maubrey said, triumphantly. "Mrs. Gori can't read it, Colonel Varentsov can't read it, and Thompson can't read it, either. In fact, the Soviets haven't had an Oubykh translator in their Linguistic Section for over 25 years."

"After almost thirty years behind a desk, I was certain that Maubrey and I were going into the field — "

"How, then, would Mrs. Gori know what the diary contains?"

"The only possible explanation is that Constantine Gori must have let his wife know what he was writing, but wrote it in a language she couldn't read."

Now it was my turn to grin. Maubrey and I had begun a study of Oubykh in 1954, and had mastered the language. *We* could read Constantine Gori's diary.

I looked up at Maubrey. "What are you trying to tell me?" I asked.

"Q wants to see us at three."

"I'll be there," I said, smiling.

When I returned to my section, Miss Palmer and her friends had already gone to lunch. I opened the bottom drawer of my desk and took out a sandwich and a flask of gin.

Actually, I was disappointed that they weren't there to see my face. After almost 30 years

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behind a desk, I was certain that Maubrey and I were going into the field — that had to be why Q wanted to see us.

If they had been there, Miss Palmer and her friends would have been able to tell that something important had happened to me while I had been away from the section, and they would be wondering what it was. But come Monday morning, they would know all about it anyway. Today would be the last day they'd be able to mock me behind my back.

I drank some of the gin, took a bite of my sandwich, and turned my thoughts to Oubykh.

A century and a half ago, Oubykh was spoken by as many as 50,000 Oubykh tribesmen in the Caucasus valleys east of the Black Sea. Oubykh's decline started with the exodus of the Moslem herders and farmers from czarist Russia in 1864, following the Crimean War, and their resettlement in Ottoman Turkey, near the Sea of Marmara. There, the need to speak Turkish to be understood, and competition from other Caucasian languages, made a knowledge of Oubykh useless. But Constantine Gori's family had stayed in Russia and had kept Oubykh alive through several generations. However, being without children and having a wife who spoke another Caucasian language, Constantine Gori had no one to whom he could pass along his knowledge of Oubykh. He became the last native speaker.

Q's office was on the sixth floor. Three sides of the rectangular room were covered with floor-to-ceiling book shelves, containing grammars and dictionaries of all the world's written languages. The fourth wall was covered with a huge linguistic map. There were no windows.

Maubrey and I sat down in two hard chairs in front of Q's desk, like two schoolboys sitting in front of a headmaster. I could feel the dampness under my arms and kept wondering if I had used a deodorant that morning.

Q repeated what Maubrey had already told me, then said, "You've not had much excitement in Caucasian since Stalin died, so it's particularly nice that this has come up for you."

"It does sound promising," was all that I managed to say.

Q looked at me, then at Maubrey. "It'll be your job to find out just how *promising* it is. We don't want this Colonel Varentsov coming over if there's nothing in the diary we can use."

"I don't understand," I said.

Maubrey screwed up his mouth.

"It's simple," explained Q. "Our people in Trabzon will be

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coordinating the whole affair. They'll rendez-vous with Varentsov just inside Soviet territory. You two will accompany them. You're to read the diary and determine if the information compromises the Service. If it does, then Varentsov and the diary will be brought into Turkey, taken to Ankara, and then flown to London, where he'll be given asylum."

"And if the Service isn't compromised?" I asked.

"If it isn't," said Q, "then everyone will simply go home."

"Has Varentsov agreed to this?" asked Maubrey.

"Colonel Varentsov thinks he's coming to London."

"What if he won't, as you say, 'go back home'?" I inquired.

"Our people in Trabzon know what to do," said Q. "We simply can't afford any bad feelings with Moscow right now, especially if there's no good reason." He stood up. "Your flight to Trabzon leaves tomorrow at 13.50. There's a connection to Ankara. You'll be met at the Trabzon airport and driven to the frontier. You'll be briefed during the ride."

I couldn't help thinking, as Q ushered us out of his office, that there had to be more to spying than this.

His mum was going to visit a friend up near Finchley for the evening, so Maubrey agreed to have a drink with me at a little pub near Sloane Square, just off King's Road. It was nothing special, the place, but it was quiet. We both had gin.

"Mum'll just die when she finds out that I'm being sent on a secret mission," said Maubrey, as he tasted his gin and frowned. "How can you stand to drink this stuff?"

"It feels good when it goes down."

Maubrey looked at his glass. "I just never grew up, Turner," he said abruptly. "Mum didn't want me to. But I can't blame her. I didn't want to, either."

I inhaled deeply. "We all have our problems, Maubrey."

"I told Mum the other day that I was thinking about moving out; getting my own flat, you know."

"What'd she say?"

"She said that if I felt it was necessary, she would understand."

"Would she?"

"How the hell would I know?" he almost shouted. He took another drink of gin and frowned again. "I'm sorry, Turner," he added. "But you should be glad that your parents are dead."

"Does it make life easier?" I asked.

"It would be a hell of a lot easier for me!"

"Well, do you plan to move

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out then?"

Maubrey looked at me with those sad eyes of his. "I haven't decided yet."

"Then let's change the subject."

"Do you want to talk about Oubykh?" Maubrey spoke testily, with his voice a little slurred.

"Perhaps we should."

"I'm not even sure I have a will," complained Maubrey. "What if I get killed?"

I raised my hand to signal another round of gin. "I'm sure the people in Trabzon have thought about all of this," I said. "Q didn't seem too worried about such a possibility."

"I don't even know where Trabzon is," Maubrey whined. "Besides, Q's not going. We are! Q is out of touch."

The barkeep set two more glasses of gin on our table.

"Actually, I'm not worried," I replied. "I relish the opportunity to prove to Miss Palmer and her friends that I can make it in the field."

"You worry too much about Miss Palmer and her friends," Maubrey said. "You worry too much about what other people think of you."

"Do I?" I was annoyed. "What have you accomplished in the last 30 years? You've been at that same desk since 1952, listening to broadcasts in a variety of Caucasian languages and finding very little that the Service is interested in. Are you telling me that you feel important, Maubrey; that you're indispensable to the Service?"

"I suppose you're right," murmured Maubrey.

"Of course, I'm right. Face it, Maubrey, we're both jokes!"

"The world is passing us by, Turner. Remember when everybody else at university chose to write Russian and you and I chose to write Georgian, thinking that knowing Stalin's mother tongue would be the key to success?"

I laughed and took another drink of gin. "I remember," I said.

"All for nothing." Maubrey spoke to his gin glass.

"But Maubrey," I was suddenly excited; "maybe it wasn't all for nothing. Maybe all those years of studying the Caucasian languages was for this. Maybe it was for Constantine Gori's diary!"

When we finally left the pub, Maubrey was quite drunk, so I rode with him on the Bakerloo Line and walked him to the front of the flat he shared with his mum. I made sure he had locked the door behind him before I walked back to Queen's Park Station. Half an hour later, I heard the telephone ringing as I let myself inside my flat. It was Maubrey. He was quite frantic.

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"She's dead, Turner!" he sobbed. "She's dead!"

He could only have meant his mum, so I said, "My God, how did it happen?"

"She had a heart attack," he managed to say between sobs. "They have her at a funeral parlor in Finchley. They want me to come up in the morning."

"You can't —" I was quite determined. "You'll be in Turkey tomorrow, helping me read a diary in Oubykh!"

"But my mum's dead," Maubrey insisted. "I have to do something!"

"Maubrey," I said, "she's *dead*! She won't know whether you go up to Finchley to fetch her tomorrow or not. Ring up the funeral parlor and tell them that it will be Monday before you can come up. You can put it off for a few days. It's not as though she's lying out on the pavement somewhere in central London!"

"Could you ring them up for me?" he pleaded.

I sighed deeply. "Give me the telephone number."

Maubrey read it to me. I had him repeat it twice. Then I told him to go to bed, that I'd ring him up in the morning.

I telephoned the number in Finchley and explained that Maubrey had been called out of the country on business. A Mr. Harris was very sympathetic and assured me that Maubrey's mum would keep until Monday.

I rang up Maubrey around eight o'clock the next morning. I told him to meet me at ten o'clock at 11/12 Hannover Street, the offices of Turk Hava Yollari, the Turkish Airlines. We'd pick up our tickets for the flight to Trabzon, then take a taxi to Heathrow.

"There's no need to pack anything," I said. "Just bring your passport and a toothbrush."

Maubrey was subdued. "I'll be there . . . oh, and Turner, did you ring up Finchley about my mum?"

I assured him that I had.

Maubrey arrived at exactly ten o'clock. He had aged considerably overnight. We picked up our tickets, then I hailed a taxi and told the driver to take us to Heathrow.

Maubrey said nothing and I was unable to draw him into a conversation, so I looked out the window and marvelled at how much change had taken place since I had last been to Heathrow ten years before. Then I had been going on holiday to the Costa Brava. Such a long while ago.

Our THY DC-9 left on time, and we had lunch before landing in Zurich at 15.20. I finally persuaded Maubrey to walk around with me in the international lounge at Kloten, during the 40

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minute stopover. He used his German several times and that seemed to improve his mood.

We landed in Istanbul at 19.25, stayed another 40 minutes, in which we both elected to remain on the aircraft, and finally arrived in Ankara at 20.45. After clearing customs, we had 20 minutes to catch the Fairchild-Fokker 27 flight to Trabzon. In two hours we were landing at the Trabzon airport. The "people" Q had said would be there to meet us at the Trabzon airport consisted of one man by the name of Carter. He was the Head of Operations for all of northern Turkey, he said. He was driving a dirty black Opel.

"You're it?" I said, as Maubrey and I tried to decide exactly how we were both going to fit into the small automobile.

"Did you expect the Queen's Grenadiers?" Carter asked mockishly.

We finally fitted ourselves in, and Carter sped away from the kerb in a cloud of smoke and petrol fumes.

"We're about 250 kilometres from our destination," Carter told us. "We follow the Black Sea coast almost all the way."

I had the feeling that Carter thought we were there on holiday and that he had been assigned duty as our tour guide. "What about our mission?" I asked. "Q said you'd brief us during the trip to the frontier."

"Mission?" He gave a throaty laugh that disturbed me. "Is that what they're calling it in London?"

I looked at Maubrey. He was curled up in the corner of the Opel, fast asleep. "Are you calling it something else?"

"No, I suppose not," Carter replied. "Our 'mission' (He was still amused by the term.) is to make contact with this Colonel Varentsov just inside the Soviet border, let you two have a look at this diary, then decide what to do about it."

"I already know that much," I told him. "Who's taking us across?"

"I am," said Carter, "and a friend of mine, a man from one of the villages in the area."

"Just one more person besides yourself?" I was surprised. "You make it all sound so simple."

Carter only smiled. "It isn't a heavily patrolled area," he said. He reminded me of Miss Palmer.

We had entered the desolate mountain gorges and passes of the frontier area. I had seen no houses for several kilometres. The pine woods were cloaked with a smoky fog that moved with the frigid wind, creating images on the steep slopes that change constantly.

Maubrey continued to sleep like a baby.

We arrived at our destination at 3:15, a small shepherd's hut

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near a mountain stream. Carter parked the Opel and got out. In the moonlight, I could see him talking to a man. Then they came over to the Opel.

"This is Tokat," said Carter. "He'll be taking us across the frontier." Tokat grinned, showing white teeth under his bushy black moustache. Carter nodded toward Maubrey. "You need to awaken him."

I began shaking Maubrey's leg. He clenched his fists and put them in front of his face, like a baby. For a minute, I saw terror in his eyes, until they focused and produced my image; then he relaxed. "Are we here?" he asked sleepily.

"Yes," I spoke quietly, so as not to jar him. "This is Tokat. He's taking us to Colonel Varentsov."

Maubrey yawned. "I'm freezing."

Carter pointed to the backseat. "The reason we were so crowded," he explained. "We'll need those sheepskin overcoats. There's some *raki* to drink, too. You'd better have some before we leave, but you need to hurry. We're on a schedule."

Maubrey and I drank, then put on the overcoats. They were several sizes too big for us, but they felt good in the freezing mountain air.

Carter produced a torch, to be used only if absolutely necessary, he told us, and we started off, following Tokat. In the sudden silence, I could hear the sighing of the pines and the rushing of the little river. We walked through a smoky mist, around great boulders and over smaller ones. Nobody had even mentioned walking shoes.

"We're crossing the frontier," Tokat whispered. "It's one more kilometre to where we meet the colonel."

I had seen nothing to mark the frontier.

We spent another 30 minutes maneuvering through the intimidating terrain before Tokat suddenly stopped. "He should be here," he whispered. "This is the place agreed upon."

"We'll wait," I said.

Carter spoke out: "We're on a schedule. We can only wait so long."

"This diary is important," I reminded him. "We must know if it compromises the Service. We'll have to wait here until Colonel Varentsov comes."

"I'm in charge of this operation," Carter snapped. "There is a critical time period in which it is relatively safe to be inside Soviet territory. When that time period passes, we leave!" He turned and looked at Tokat.

"Ten more minutes," said Tokat.

But in ten minutes, Colonel Varentsov still hadn't shown up.

"We're leaving," said Carter.

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I looked at him. "All you're thinking about is being back in your warm bed in Trabzon. Well, I'm thinking about that diary. It could do irreparable damage to the Service. It's written in Oubykh. Only Maubrey and I in the whole of the Service can read Oubykh. We must have a look at it!"

"What do you expect me to do, Turner?" demanded Carter. "Do you expect me to go with you into Batumi and conduct a house to house search for this Colonel Varentsov?"

"He must be found," I insisted.

"He's not coming," said Carter. "He could have been arrested. He could have changed his mind. Anything could have happened. It doesn't matter. *We* have to leave! Now!"

The only thing I could think of was Miss Palmer's mocking face. There would be no way I could face her and her friends if this mission failed. I took a deep breath. "Whatever the reason, we must have that diary. Maubrey and I shall go into Batumi and look for Colonel Varentsov ourselves."

"You'll *what*?" Carter almost shouted, catching himself in time. He was truly astonished.

"You cannot do that," said Tokat. "You will be arrested."

"Turner, you and your friend here have been behind a desk too long." Carter was speaking as if to a child. "You forget that you are at this moment in the posture of what the common man would refer to as a 'spy'. Spies are either shot or put in prison. Take it from me, Turner, it's not worth it."

I looked at Maubrey. "Are you with me?" I asked.

There was a moment of silence, then Maubrey spoke: "I guess I'm with you, Turner."

"I'll not allow you to go," Carter cried.

"You can't afford not to, Carter." I was feeling a new confidence. "Mrs. Gori lives at Number 21 Oktybrya Street, near the Chavchavadze Theatre. We'll go there first. She'll talk to me. Her husband supplied my section with publications for almost 30 years. She'll be able to tell us where to find Colonel Varentsov and the diary."

"You're a small and stupid and useless person, Turner," said Carter, "and now you think you can change all of that and become a hero. You'll never make it."

"We'll make it."

Tokat reluctantly gave us directions into Batumi, telling us where the patrols would be and how best to avoid them, then he handed me the torch and Maubrey and I set off.

We had only been walking for about ten minutes, when Maubrey inquired, "Do you really think we're doing the right thing, Turner?"

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"We're doing the right thing," I answered.

We walked in silence for several more minutes, then Maubrey began to whine. "We'll never find our way back, Turner. Even if we do find this Colonel Varentsov and the diary, we'll never find our way back across the frontier."

I stopped and turned to face him. "I'm not going back," I said.

I could hear his sudden intake of air. "I don't understand."

"It's simple, Maubrey. I'm defecting, just like they do in books. I don't want to work for *their* Service anymore."

"But why?" demanded Maubrey.

"Because I'm sick to death of the Carters and the Palmers and the Qs, that's why!"

I started walking again.

"Have you been planning this all along?" Maubrey called out in the darkness.

"I don't know." I spoke over my shoulder.

Maubrey stumbled, but caught himself. "Well, what about me?" he asked. "What will I do? I have to go back!"

I stopped again. "What do you have back there? Tell me that!"

"Well, who'll bury Mum?"

"What does she care? She won't know the difference."

"Turner, how can you be so cruel?" he sobbed.

"I am not cruel, Maubrey," I said. "I am the best friend that you have ever had. But I'm tired. I am tired of sitting at that same desk, year in and year out, doing the same things, over and over, never accomplishing anything, and being made fun of by the people who are supposedly under my authority. Don't you see that this is our chance to do *something*? I am going to offer our services to the other side!"

"What services?" demanded Maubrey. "What can we possibly offer them?"

"We are," I reminded him, "the last speakers of Oubykh. When we find that diary, we'll translate it for them. When we're through with that, there will probably be other things that they'll want us to do. Now, come along, Maubrey, we must hurry, for we have a long and very exciting day ahead of us."

I turned and started walking toward Batumi. Maubrey began following me through the darkness.

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PRISONER OF ZERFALL

by Edward D. Hoch

Simon Ark and I had not met in some months, but his absences from New York were nothing unusual. I knew one day I'd hear from him again, but when the call came I hardly expected it to be while I was attending an international book fair in Berlin. The annual event had long attracted American and British publishers, and this year the powers-that-be at Neptune Books had decided I should undertake the trip to Berlin alone.

The book fair was a friendly place, and although several Eastern Bloc nations were represented there was none of the mutual suspicion so often present at international conferences. I returned to my hotel after the first full day's events, assured that I'd bagged a couple of good translations for American publication.

That was when I heard from

Illustration by Michael Sullivan

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Simon Ark. "How'd you know where to find me?" I asked, recognizing his voice at once. "I've only been in Berlin a day."

"There are people who know of your presence. I was kept informed."

"What do you mean? Where are you calling from, Simon?"

"Here in Berlin. I am at the American Embassy at present. Would you be so good as to join me here?"

I couldn't imagine what Simon Ark could possibly be doing at the American Embassy, unless he was in some sort of trouble. Although his voice sounded calm, his request was more like a summons. A mixture of friendship and curiosity made me reply, "I'll be there as soon as possible."

The Marine guards at the embassy seemed to be expecting me, and I was admitted at once by way of the private entrance. A blonde young woman in a tailored suit was waiting to escort me to the ambassador's office on the second floor, where I found Simon Ark ensconced in a large leather armchair.

"My friend!" he greeted me, partly rising to shake my hand. "It is so good to see you again!" He seemed older than I remembered, with a gaunt look to his face that emphasized his nose and cheekbones. But, then, how do you judge the age of someone who seriously claims to have lived for nearly two thousand years?

"This is a real surprise," I admitted. "I hadn't expected we'd meet in Berlin." He introduced me to the ambassador and an official-looking person named John Rengate.

"I must say I opposed calling in another person on this," Rengate told me sourly, "especially a New York publisher. But when Mr. Ark learned you were here in Berlin he insisted."

"We're old friends," I explained. "What's the trouble here?" If our government had enlisted Simon's aid there had to be trouble of a most unusual nature.

The ambassador looked uncomfortable. "You realize what you hear in this room is top secret. We're dealing with a very serious matter."

"Of course."

John Rengate took over the conversation. "I was just filling in Mr. Ark on our problem. Does the name Erwin Witterberg mean anything to you?"

I dredged through my memory and came up with it. "A convicted Nazi war criminal, wasn't he? I suppose he's dead by now."

"He's not dead," Rengate insisted. "Or at least we don't think he is. He's been imprisoned here in West Berlin for

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nearly forty years, since the Nuremberg trials."

"Like Rudolph Hess," I said, remembering the name of another famous prisoner.

"Exactly like Hess," Rengate agreed. "Hess is imprisoned at Spandau, while Erwin Witterberg is at Zerfall Castle, in the Tegeler Forest area in the northwest sector of the city. Like Hess, he is guarded by a joint force of American, British, French and Russian military police."

"Isn't that awfully expensive for just one prisoner?"

"It is indeed. Some $400,000 a year. But the cost is paid by the Berlin city government. Like Hess, his imprisonment has become something of a political symbol. No one wants him pardoned, least of all the Russians. Their small guard force at the castle gives them a toehold in the western part of the city."

"Why don't you at least imprison Witterberg and Hess together?" I suggested.

"In the beginning, immediately after the trials, there were seven Nazi leaders at Spandau and ten at Zerfall. It just happened that these two are the last survivors. To put them together now, in their old age, would no doubt upset the men, as well as the careful balance of the four-power agreement. Hess is over ninety and Witterberg is seventy-six, so the arrangement will be over soon."

"Maybe sooner than we want," the ambassador remarked.

"Yes," Rengate said. "This castle — it's an Eighteenth Century structure, much older than Spandau, with all the usual stories of hauntings and secret passageways. Some claim it was used by devil worshipers in the early 1700s. That's why someone suggested we call in Simon Ark."

Simon smiled slightly. "My fame precedes me."

"I still don't understand," I told them. "Why are you worried about something that happened nearly three hundred years ago, and how is it connected with your prisoner?"

John Rengate and the ambassador exchanged glances, sharing a reluctance to unveil their final secret. Then Rengate spoke. "Erwin Witterberg has vanished from his prison. The guards insist it couldn't have happened, but it did. He has simply disappeared."

It was only the lateness of the hour that kept us from visiting the castle that evening. In the morning, at an hour so early I barely had time for a quick breakfast, an embassy limousine picked me up at my hotel. Simon Ark was

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already in the back seat, looking fit and rested. I'd seen the look before at the start of an investigation. It was as if the prospect of a puzzle to be solved delivered new vigor to his aging body.

The Tegeler Forest was a large tract of public woodland along the shore of the Tegeler See, a lovely lake that was actually part of the Havel River and its canal systems. The waterway wandered through East Germany and eventually connected with the North Sea, providing employment for river nomads who braved the stringent security regulations of the East German police to bring goods in and out of the city on barges. On the edge of the Tegeler See, within sight of its picturesque islands, was a service club and restaurant for the French garrison in Berlin. Just up the shore from the club was the 280-year-old Zerfall Castle. Now, driving up to the massive front door in the morning sun, the castle seemed more like some quaint movie set than an actual relic of the 18th Century.

"It's fairly modern, as castles go," Rengate explained after he'd greeted us at the door. I wondered if he'd spent the night at the place. "It was built by a wealthy German named Zerfall, who had a fondness for the esoteric. Legend has it he built the place with a number of secret rooms and hidden passageways where Black Masses and other rites of devil worship could be practiced in safety."

Simon Ark looked up at the dank stone walls. "My experience is that the devil rarely bothers with those he already owns. But what purpose did the building serve in the intervening centuries?"

"It was a library for a time, and a place for German studies. The Nazis erected a flak tower on the roof during the war. Then it was converted into a small prison. As I mentioned, Erwin Witterberg is the last prisoner left. Though only in his mid-thirties when the war ended, he was convicted of various war crimes. He played an important part in the transportation of Jews to the death camps."

"He disappeared from his cell?" Simon asked.

"They aren't cells as such — more like small apartments in which the prisoners were locked each night. Witterberg's has a bedroom and bathroom."

"I assume the rooms were inspected for hidden passages?" Simon asked.

"Certainly. But he didn't disappear from his room. He vanished while taking his daily exercise in the enclosed courtyard."

I saw Simon's eyes brighten

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at the words. Before Rengate could tell us more we were joined by an American army officer. "I'm Colonel Kayman, the acting commander of the prison. Happy to meet you, Mr. Ark."

Simon bowed slightly. "I understood there was four-power control. . ."

Kayman, a middle-aged man with a square jaw and the look of a fighter, spoke in sharp, brisk sentences. "The position of commander rotates monthly. This is my month, unfortunately."

John Rengate cleared his throat. "Colonel Kayman, we've brought in Simon Ark because he knows a great deal about the history and practices of devil-worship cults. If there's anything about this castle we haven't discovered in forty years, Mr. Ark will find it."

"You're welcome to try," the colonel told Simon. "However, no secret passageway could explain the prisoner's disappearance from the exercise yard."

"Sometimes," Simon told him, "there are unseen doors which exist only in the minds of man."

Colonel Kayman grunted. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"The colonel is a practical man," Rengate said. "And this is a very practical matter. Shortly you'll be meeting the Russian officer stationed here — Colonel Vladimov. We've long suspected that Vladimov is a KGB man in addition to his army duties."

"You believe the Russians spirited Witterberg away?" Simon asked. "But why?"

Colonel Kayman shrugged. "To embarrass us. That's why we've kept it secret thus far. But Vladimov knows, of course, and we expect the Russians to leak the news to the press at any time."

"How would it embarrass the Americans any more than the Russians?"

"Because an American is in command this month," Rengate explained patiently. "They look for whatever propaganda victories they can score."

It seemed like an elaborate plot for such a minor victory, and I could see that Simon was dubious, too. "I'd like to know exactly what happened," he said.

They led us through a large central room of the castle which had been converted to an office, its row of metal file cabinets standing out incongruously against the rough stone arch of the wall design. Colonel Kayman used a key to unlock a metal door at the far end of the room, and we passed through it into a corridor. "This is the way to the individual confinement rooms. Ah — and here

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is Colonel Vladimov!"

The Russian was taller than Kayman, and younger. His sharp eyes seemed to take in everything at a glance, and he gave the impression of a shrewdness beyond that necessary for the job he held. Perhaps Rengate was correct about his connection with the KGB.

"You have brought in more Americans to assist you," he told Rengate and Colonel Kayman with a trace of accusation in his voice. "I understood we had agreed to absolute secrecy in this matter!"

"I am not an American," Simon Ark corrected him.

The Russian peered at him more intently. "Jewish?"

"I come from Egypt, though I have lived in America in recent years."

"He's an expert on parapsychology," Colonel Kayman told Vladimov. "We're investigating every possibility. I'm taking him to see the exercise yard now."

"The other two should be present," Vladimov decided. "I'll summon them."

While the Russian was gone, Rengate explained, "Only the four unit commanders have stayed on here to help with the investigation. Office staff and guards were returned to their units in the interest of security."

"You have kitchen facilities here?" Simon asked.

"No, all meals are supplied by the French service club nearby. It's good food. They have one of the finest chefs in the city."

We continued down the corridor to an enclosed courtyard about fifty feet square. There was grass in the center, but along the walls it had been worn thin by the trudging of feet. Colonel Kayman walked to the very center of the yard and stood for a moment pondering the blank walls that enclosed three sides of it. Then he turned back toward the doorway in the fourth wall as Vladimov returned with the others.

The Frenchman was also a colonel, and his name was Serrer. A small man with a neatly trimmed mustache, he shook hands and then stood by silently. It was the British representative who provided the morning's surprise, at least for me. Colonel Kayman explained that the regular colonel was on leave this month, back in England. His place was being filled by the second-in-command, Captain Rachel Easton, an attractive red-haired woman who filled her uniform very nicely.

"Captain Easton can tell you what happened," Vladimov said. "She was on duty at the time." The tone of his voice suggested it would never have hap-

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pened if he'd been on duty.

"Well," she began, directing her remarks to Simon and me, "we have regular guards on the night shift, but in order to keep the complement as low as possible, one of us usually relieves them in the morning for breakfast. The prisoner eats in his quarters and then is allowed an hour alone in the exercise yard. I took him there yesterday morning and left him."

"Is that standard practice?" Simon Ark asked.

It was Kayman who answered. "More or less. These walls are twenty feet high and quite smooth. Where is a seventy-six-year-old man to go? When there were more prisoners, things were done differently, of course."

"Continue," Simon told her.

"There's little more to tell. I was at my desk just inside the door, with a view of a portion of the yard from the window. I saw Witterberg pass by the window several times as he circled the yard. After twenty minutes or so, I didn't see him. I thought he might have been resting on that bench over there, but after a time I decided I should check on him, in the event he was ill. I went into the courtyard and found it empty."

I volunteered an opinion. "Sounds to me as if someone threw a rope over the wall for him."

"Quite out of the question," the Frenchman said, joining the conversation for the first time. "He was far too feeble to climb a rope. And two of these walls are still within the walls of the castle. Scaling them would provide no escape at all."

"And the third wall?" Simon asked.

"The wall opposite the building here overlooks the lake. There's a drop of perhaps sixty feet to the water. So that way is impossible, too."

"Perhaps," Simon commented.

"There was a prison break back in America where a helicopter was used," I told them.

It was Captain Rachel Easton who spoke again. "Impossible! I was at my desk right inside that window. A helicopter landing or even hovering overhead would certainly have attracted my attention, to say nothing of everyone else in the castle."

Simon was deep in thought. "You remember nothing unusual yesterday morning? Nothing out of the ordinary?"

"Nothing."

The loud honking of a ship's klaxon reached us from beyond the wall. "What's that?" I asked.

"Sometimes the cargo barges blow their horns when they pass through the lake. Many of the crew are French, and they have friends working at the

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"They fell upon the man and hacked him into pieces with home-made knives, letting the chains fall free to the ground. The pieces of the body were thrown over the walls, and the blood on the ground was covered with dirt."

service club."

"Have you searched the shore of the lake for a body?" Simon asked. "He may have tried to scale the wall and fallen to his death."

"We've been all over it," Kayman said. "We found nothing. And we searched the rest of the castle, too, before you ask. Erwin Witterberg didn't merely move from one courtyard to another. He vanished from Zerfall Castle."

Simon and I took some time to examine the castle on our own, after viewing the missing man's meager possessions in his quarters. The occasional modern touches — the radio room for quick communication with the four-power governments, the searchlights on the roof — stood out in sharp contrast to the suits of armor in the halls and the decorative broadswords on the stone walls.

"What do you think really happened, Simon?" I asked as we descended the wide staircase.

"I think there are four people here who do not trust one another."

"Do you think Witterberg escaped on his own?"

"Highly unlikely at his age. But we must speak with his doctor."

"Then he was rescued."

"Or kidnapped."

"But why? And how?"

"There are several possibilities."

"I don't see any," I admitted. "I've never heard of a case like this."

"There is very little new under the sun, my friend. In 1815, at a Prussian prison at Weichselmunde, a valet named Diderici, imprisoned for impersonating his master after the latter died of a stroke, vanished while walking in chains in a walled exercise yard. Other prisoners walking behind him say he simply faded from sight, and his chains fell to the ground. Nothing more was ever seen of him."

"My God, Simon! That's impossible!"

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"It is if you believe it happened that way, if you believe the testimony of the other convicts."

"Can you explain what happened?"

"Anything can be explained, my friend."

"Try it."

"The convicts were lying. They fell upon the man and hacked him to pieces with home-made knives, letting the chains fall free to the ground. The pieces of the body were thrown over the walls, and the blood on the ground was covered with dirt."

I was speechless at the thought of it. The horror of his theory was only surpassed by the awful thought that it just might have been true. Finally I managed to ask, "Do you believe something like that might have happened here?"

"Hardly, my friend. Witterberg was alone in the exercise yard. If Captain Easton lied about that, she would surely have concocted a more convincing lie about the entire affair."

We'd left the main building and were strolling through one of the walled courtyards that flanked the exercise yard. Simon paused to stare up at the top of the wall. "What do you see now?" I asked.

"A fresh scratch in the masonry."

"As if a ladder might have rested there?"

He studied the ground at our feet. The soft earth of a rose garden ran along the wall, and the imprint of a ladder would surely have left marks. "No," he decided with a sigh. "There was no ladder. Even if there had been, Witterberg would not be free on this side of the wall. We're still within the castle grounds."

"Did you find anything?" a voice called. It was the Frenchman, Serrer, and he came into the courtyard with his hands behind his back as if he were about to inspect the place.

"Nothing," Simon assured him. "You have a most baffling case here."

"And one which cannot be kept secret much longer, no matter what the Americans want."

"It was Colonel Kayman's decision to withhold an announcement?"

"Of course. I don't have to tell you that the other man, John Rengate, is the resident CIA agent at the American embassy here."

"I suspected as much," Simon admitted, though the thought hadn't occurred to me.

"Whenever anything unusual happens, they convince themselves it is a Russian plot. Believe me, Colonel Vladimov is as baffled by this affair as the

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others are."

"And yourself?" Simon Ark asked. "Do you have a theory, Colonel Serrer?"

"Neo-Nazis!" The Frenchman barked the word, like a tasteless obscenity. "I believe they rescued him somehow and plan to use him as a symbol of their revival."

"It's possible," Simon admitted. "But how did they penetrate the castle? It is a prison, after all."

"From the river," Serrer decided. "The river holds the key."

"You mean the Tegeler See?"

"I think of it as a river. The barges pass by and sound their klaxons."

"But the barge crews, many of them, are your countrymen," Simon pointed out. "They are French."

"Only a few. Many are German. Whole families live on the barges — wives, children, dogs and cats. They are nomads, like gypsies. The East German river police keep a close eye on them during the thirty-six hours it takes to reach Berlin by boat, but here security is much more lax."

"I was told there were hidden passageways and secret rooms within the castle. Could we see them?"

"They are in no way connected with the disappearance. If you wish to see them you must speak with Captain Easton. She has made a special study of the place."

We found Rachel Easton in the communications room, taking a coded message from London. "It's only routine," she explained. "We usually have someone on duty here, but Serrer suggested to Colonel Kayman that everyone be sent back to their units during the investigation."

"How many men are usually here?"

"It varies from month to month. The month's acting commander, on a rotating basis, sometimes brings in a dozen or so of his people for housekeeping chores. As a rule, we have about twenty people here. We rely upon the nearby French service club for meals and medical personnel."

"I was wondering about that," Simon told her. "I'd like to speak with the physician who last examined Erwin Witterberg."

"Dr. Felix. I believe that can be arranged."

"And now the secret rooms."

She stuffed the London message into her jacket pocket. "Come this way. They're fun to see."

The first of them was a stairway concealed behind a wall near the main entrance. It led to the upper hall, and from there Rachel Easton showed us a pair of closet-like chambers

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and a larger room that was used for storage. "Interesting," Simon Ark remarked. "This one could have been used for small meetings."

"Zerfall seems to have had that in mind when he built the place. But I assure you there are no secret passageways in the area used for our prison, and nothing at all in the courtyard. I understand they had the walls x-rayed back in 1946, before Zerfall Castle was converted for use as a prison."

"Tell me about Witterberg," Simon suggested. "Did you have many conversations with him?"

"Virtually none. He'd grown quiet in recent months. Quiet and old. I think he was waiting to die."

"Or escape," I suggested.

She gave me an appraising look, as if suddenly wondering what I was doing there. "Or escape," she agreed.

"Serrer thinks the Neo-Nazis helped him."

"Anything is possible, I suppose, in a situation where nothing seems possible."

We were descending the main staircase once more when Simon had a thought. "The suits of armor in the main hall here — did you look inside them?"

Rachel Easton chuckled. "Of course! I was brought up on the same books you were. They're all empty. I assure you we searched everywhere — the hidden rooms, passageways, the grounds. Every inch of the place was covered."

"I'd like to have another look at Witterberg's quarters, if I may."

"Certainly."

She led us to the lower level and through the metal door to the prisoners' wing. The door to Witterberg's cell was still kept locked and she used her key to open it. The first thing I saw was the figure rolled up in a blanket on the bed. "He's come back!" I said, startled at the sight.

Captain Easton ran to the bed and snatched back the blanket. It wasn't Erwin Witterberg. It was the CIA agent, John Rengate, and his throat had been cut.

Colonel Kayman abandoned hope of keeping their secret any longer. He telephoned the American Embassy and then summoned Dr. Felix from the nearby service club. The Military Police were notified. His former inaction was suddenly changed to a burst of activity. Serrer and Easton looked on, allowing Kayman to exercise his command authority, but the Russian was far from docile. When Colonel Vladimov joined us, towering over everyone, he was

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quick with his demands.

"I will bring in KGB experts from East Berlin to conduct the investigation," he decided.

"Like hell you will!" Kayman barked. "I'm the commanding officer this month, and I'll be in charge of the investigation."

The tall Russian pressed his point a bit longer, but finally went off to sulk, or to contact Moscow for further instructions. Meanwhile, Dr. Felix had arrived to examine the body. He was a brisk young man who spoke good English.

"Throat cut, as you can see," he told us. "Dead about an hour."

"I'm certain Vladimov did it," Kayman said. "That's why he wanted his own people handling the investigation."

"But why?" Simon asked quietly. "What was his motive?"

"Maybe Rengate found something in this room," I suggested.

"Perhaps." When the doctor had finished, Simon knelt on the hard stone floor to conduct his own examination. He was especially interested in Rengate's right hand. "A sticky, gummy substance here." He sniffed the dead man's hand. "Some attempt has been made to wipe it off, but there are still traces."

"What does that mean?"

"I have no idea," Simon told me. Then he called after the departing doctor. "Dr. Felix, do you have a minute?"

"Certainly."

"I understood you examined Erwin Witterberg regularly and kept his medical records."

"I examined him every three months, more often when he was ill."

"Could I see those records?"

The doctor glanced at Colonel Kayman for approval. "Show him," Kayman agreed with a wave of his hand.

We drove the short distance to the French service club in Dr. Felix's car, and he conducted us around the back to his office. Some of the French officers were beginning to arrive for lunch, and I noticed that a number of civilian officials were among them. "Some say we have the best food in Berlin," the doctor explained. "It's a popular place."

He opened his file drawer and took out the thick medical records of Erwin Witterberg. "Here you are — nearly forty years."

Simon flipped through the records, with their periodic photographs, cardiograms, x-rays and blood pressure data. It was like watching the man age before our eyes. The earliest photos were mere black-and-white mug shots. The later ones were in color. The lines of age appeared, then a mustache which turned gray gradually,

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finally a beard which seemed to become more unkempt with the passage of time. The hair on the top of the head thinned to the point of virtual disappearance.

"He lost weight over the years," Simon remarked. "When did you examine him last?"

"Two months ago. He was virtually the same as on the previous examination. Perhaps a bit more feeble, but holding his own."

Simon read a few paragraphs of the latest report. "He had arthritis?"

"His hands and feet were very bad."

"Could he have climbed a ladder?"

"Not without great difficulty. He had to be helped on any sort of stairs."

"You're aware that he's disappeared?"

"I was informed by Colonel Kayman."

"Do you have any theories?"

He shrugged. "Not unless you accept a massive conspiracy involving all four of the commanding officers and some of their men."

"Is there any physical way in which he could have left that exercise yard without being seen?"

"None. He was too feeble to dig or climb, and what is there left?"

"Thank you, Doctor," Simon told him. "You've been a great help." We were about to start back when another thought struck him. "One more thing, Dr. Felix. What determines the order in which the four powers supervise the prison at Zerfall Castle?"

"It's been alphabetical since the beginning — France, Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States."

"I see. Thank you again."

Dr. Felix had a driver run us back to the castle. Simon Ark seemed encouraged by the conversation, but I could find no grounds for it. "Simon, when the doctor said he couldn't have left that exercise yard without being seen, you positively glowed."

"Perhaps I did, my friend. You see, it is the impossibility which points the way to the possible."

"You know what happened to Witterberg?"

"Almost everything. But we must speak again with Captain Easton, about the coded message she received from London."

We found Rachel Easton in her office by the exercise yard. As Simon spoke with her about general matters, I tried to visualize how someone might have plucked Witterberg from the courtyard unseen. The op-

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posite wall and the right-hand wall were clearly in view from her window, and she had only to shift her chair a foot to see the left-hand wall as well. Could she have been lying? Was that what Simon had meant about the impossibility pointing the way to the possible? A klaxon sounded from the Tegeler See, and my mind came back to the present.

" . . . the message you received earlier today," Simon was saying.

Rachel Easton pushed back her red hair nervously. "That was top secret, of course. I cannot discuss it."

"I believe you can, Captain. You were anxious to keep it out of our sight — I believe you decoded it, and the message carried information vital to our investigation."

"It carried a piece of information. I don't know the meaning of it, but it could damage an innocent person."

"Or a guilty one. Captain Easton, you know Rengate was murdered because he discovered something about the disappearance. You could be the next victim."

"But there's no one I can trust until my commander returns from his holiday," she insisted. "Any of the three of them might be . . . "

"You can trust me," Simon assured her.

She thought about it for a minute or two, while staring out the window at the empty exercise yard. Finally, she said, "It may have no bearing upon the disappearance at all."

"Tell me."

She glanced uncertainly at me, and then back at Simon Ark. "London reports that Paris shifted a large sum of money to a Swiss bank account sometimes used to pay for clandestine activities on behalf of the French government. The money, about $300,000 American, was then transferred to a second account in the name of Colonel Serrer."

"When did this happen?"

"Three days ago."

Simon nodded. "Thank you. I believe that's the last piece of the puzzle I need."

"You mean Serrer. . . "

"I mean nothing. The truth about this affair cannot be expressed in a single glib sentence."

Without warning, Colonel Kayman entered the office. "The American ambassador has arrived, along with a couple of CIA men, I'm afraid. They want to question everyone about Rengate's murder."

We went upstairs to the big central room, and I saw that Vladimov and Serrer were already seated. The two men who flanked the ambassador

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were grim-faced and silent. For the moment they were letting the ambassador do the talking. "What happened here, Mr. Ark? I asked your assistance. I didn't ask for another killing."

"Another?"

"If Witterberg was killed yesterday. . ."

"He was not."

"Then he escaped? You know how he escaped?"

"I know what happened here yesterday morning. In an odd way, it bears some resemblance to the disappearance of a man named Diderici from a prison exercise yard in 1815."

I remembered his bizarre theory of the other prisoners hacking Diderici to death with home-made knives. "Simon, you can't mean. . ."

"I mean that Diderici was a valet imprisoned for impersonating his master after the latter's death from a stroke. The man who disappeared from here yesterday was impersonating Erwin Witterberg."

Colonel Vladimov spoke up. "That's preposterous!"

"Not at all. When John Rengate discovered it today, you killed him."

The Russian was the first to draw his gun, but the CIA man on the ambassador's right was the first to fire. Colonel Vladimov's expression was one of surprise as a bullet hit him in the chest.

"He's dead, the ambassador announced, straightening up from the body. "Now we really have a mess."

"Not at all," Simon Ark told them. "You will merely announce that Vladimov and Rengate killed each other during a personal quarrel. The Russians will not dispute it, not unless they want the entire scheme made public."

"You'd better tell us just what the scheme involved," the ambassador said. He glanced sharply at the CIA man who'd fired his weapon. "Kindly do not draw that gun again in my presence, Rogers. Not ever."

Simon Ark took the center of the floor, clearly enjoying himself. "The real Erwin Witterberg died last month, probably of a stroke or other natural causes."

"How do you know that?" Colonel Kayman demanded.

"For the moment, accept my word that the man who disappeared yesterday was an imposter. We know the real Witterberg was alive two months ago because Dr. Felix gave him a periodic examination. It's difficult to believe that the death and substitution could have happened without the knowledge of the acting commander, who generally had additional members of his command present during his month in charge. Under the usual rota-

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tion plan, Vladimov would have been in charge last month. Correct?"

"Correct," Colonel Kayman agreed. "But if Witterberg died, why did he keep it a secret?"

"Because, as we heard earlier, this castle — along with Spandau — represents the Russians' only toehold in West Berlin. It was especially valuable to Vladimov because, I believe, he was running some sort of illicit trade by means of the barges which pass here daily. That part is for others to investigate. In any event, this location was so important as a gateway to West Berlin that the Russians had to maintain it at any cost. They prepared for the eventuality of Witterberg's demise by recruiting someone — a much younger man, I imagine — who could be made up to pass as the German's double. Luckily, the real Witterberg died during Vladimov's tour of duty and the substitute was spirited in here the same day the body was removed. All that would have been simple with the Russians in charge."

Colonel Kayman shook his head. "You've only substituted one impossibility for another. Whether it was Witterberg or an imposter, the man still vanished from the exercise yard."

"I believe the imposter wore a rope around his waist with a grappling hook on one end. He snagged the top of the wall with it and climbed to the top. I found a fresh scratch on the other side of the wall which could have been caused by such a hook. Once on top of the wall, he was agile enough to leap to the ground, beyond the flower bed. He left no footprints, and after removing his disguise he passed for one of the younger men assigned to duty here. When they were sent back to their units, he merely left the castle with the others. With four nationalities involved, I doubt if they all knew each other that well."

"How do you know there was an imposter?" Rachel Easton asked. "He seemed like the same man to me."

"Only in physical appearance," Simon reminded her. "You told us yourself that he'd grown quiet of late and rarely talked. When I found that scratch on the wall, I immediately thought of a hook of some sort, and a rope for him to climb over. Dr. Felix assured me his age and arthritis made that impossible. But one impossibility pointed out a possible solution. If Witterberg couldn't have escaped that way, perhaps the escaped man wasn't Witterberg at all. I went over our facts, looking for confirmation, and I found it. The sticky substance on Rengate's hand was spirit gum, used by

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actors to attach false beards and mustaches. Rengate found it in Witterberg's cell and began to suspect the truth. That's when Vladimov killed him, but he couldn't quite wipe off all the gum from his hand."

"I suppose it wouldn't have been that difficult to fool us," Rachel Easton admitted. "A shuffling old man, the baldness, the beard and mustache — that's what we all saw. I'm a bit surprised none of us noticed the substitution, though."

"One of you did," Simon assured her. "The imposter certainly didn't climb that wall because Vladimov wanted him to escape! It ruined his entire scheme to keep the Russian contingent at Zerfall Castle. Someone did indeed notice the substitution, and in a masterful stroke of counter-intelligence, paid the imposter to defect. Paid him to escape from here."

"Who?" Kayman asked.

Colonel Serrer cleared his throat. "I did. My government put up 300,000 American dollars when I informed them of the situation."

Kayman couldn't believe it. "My God! Why didn't you just tell me?"

"We didn't want another American-Russian confrontation over it, but at the same time we wanted the Russians out of here. For the false Witterberg to disappear was the simplest solution. And now that we have him, he just might provide valuable information."

"You'll have to give him to us," the CIA man said.

"We won't *give* him to anyone. We may consider selling him, if your price is high enough to cover our expenses."

"We found out about the money transfer," Simon explained, without going into detail. "And I remembered it was you, Serrer, who suggested the other men assigned here be returned to their units. That was so the imposter could exit with them, once he was over the courtyard wall. Of course you supplied him with the rope and grappling hook."

The Frenchman nodded. "I don't think Vladimov ever knew, or he would have killed me, too."

I missed the rest of the book fair; Simon and I flew home to New York the following day. The announced death of Erwin Witterberg and the closing of Zerfall Castle brought only mild notice in the press. Even the deaths of Vladimov and Rengate were treated with as little sensationalism as possible. Someday, I imagine a reporter will dig up the true facts, but until then the book has been closed on the prisoner of Zerfall.

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NIGHT OF THE DURGA

by Richard Ashby

Nick Barlowe, counter-intrusion specialist, has gone to Calcutta on assignment for Privacy Engineering. His job is to de-bug and keep debugged a conference room at the Pan Asia Trade Fair so that cabinet level economic discussions can take place in absolute secrecy. At his hotel, Nick meets Delcy Mason, with whom he becomes friends. She proves of value to him when he's attacked by assassins in ambush, and she tends his wounds.

Much stiffer now, but not half so sore, I dragged myself out of bed and struggled into my clothes.

When I tottered out into the hall beneath the weight of my gear bag, Delcy materialized from the shadows and said, "Let's go, hero. I've got a car waiting. And don't start protesting. I'm going along or you're not going. Take your pick."

Considerably annoyed, I studied the woman. She wore a black raincoat belted tightly with the collar turned up, and black leather boots and hat. Her spy clothes, I supposed. "How would you stop me? Shout 'Rape?' "

"That and 'fire' and 'theft.' Maybe even 'child molester.' But somehow I'll stop you!"

I hadn't time to screw around with her. Besides, what harm could she do? "All right. Let's get going."

Delcy started to speak, then bit her lip and was silent.

"Yes?" I asked.

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She shook her head. "Nothing."

Outside, the night was chilly and surprisingly quiet for a city of over three million. The daytime traffic stink had floated off before a gentle wind and I could now smell only the fragrances of the hotel gardens. . . flowering shrubs and night-blossoming vines.

Delcy led the way to a dew-glistening Mercedes with the top down. I heaved my kit onto the back seat while she slid in behind the wheel. This was one takeover woman! Even as I sat, and before I'd closed my door, the heavy car was sliding out onto Chahutta Road.

"Hey, Canvasback," she said sarcastically. "You want to go fast or slow?"

"Just get us there, Delcy."

The highway was practically deserted. We met about three cars oncoming, were passed by none, but I noticed that Delcy kept flicking her eyes to the rear-view. "If you'd slow down a little you wouldn't have to worry about cops."

"Yeah," she said quietly and cut back a couple miles an hour. We'd gone about seven miles when headlights came flooding up behind us and blinked to dims three times. Delcy pulled over onto the wide shoulder and stopped, and seconds later a man with a gun appeared at each window. Orientals. Chinese, I thought.

The man at my side spoke in a soft and almost unaccented manner. "You will get out, Mister Barlow, very carefully, and hand over your tiny gun while facing away from me. Or I will put a forty-five slug into your skull. Though your nose hole." He was quietly confident, and I utterly believed him. I eased out to stand on the grit of the roadside, back to my captor. Nightbirds yelled from the nearby jungle.

"I've done what you wanted, mister. Now send back my driver. She's nothing to you."

"Your little pistol, sir."

I fished it out carefully and passed it behind me to him. When he slapped me with it over my right ear, the crazy thing went off. I dropped like a stone, not because I was badly hurt, but because it was more difficult for the average person to hurt an unconscious man. Delcy screamed. Through the ringing in my ears, I heard her yell, "No! You said you'd only hold him a few days, you bastard."

I went on playing unconscious, smelling the oily road dirt, feeling the warm trickle as blood ran from my temple down across my face. I hated the thought of it pooling into the Indian soil. Then the meaning of Delcy's words registered!

She knew them! She'd set me up!

I heard a commotion in the

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car, then a solid *Thunk*, the unmistakable sound of someone slugging a cantaloupe or a human skull. Then the guy who'd pistol-whipped me called out a batch of orders in Chinese. Feet scurried. Car doors opened and closed. Two car engines chugged to life. The Mercedes engine raced and ground away in low. I was debating varieties of violent action when I was picked up, feet and shoulders, and slung onto the floor of a car. Peeking showed me it was the rear seat floor of some sort of Land Rover vehicle, with a high transmission hump and thin carpeting worn down to metal floorboard. As I was adjusting to this, I was slammed down with another body which was tossed on top of me. By the softness, by the perfume, I knew it was Delcy. . . out cold.

Our vehicle sprung down as someone entered the front. A door slammed, and we lurched across the smooth road and onto rough terrain. The gears growled as the driver cut in four wheel drive. This lying doggo wasn't doing me any more good, so I eased Delcy's fine traitorous body up and over and peered out. An intense Oriental face was sighting a .45 automatic at me from the front seat. I pegged him for one of the goons who'd been wearing earphones and shock back at jolly old Hanoi Traders, Ltd. "Relax chum," I told him. "I'm not going anywhere." His expression didn't change. Did he understand? "You must be one of the stinks that jumped me yesterday at the Trade Fair. Right?" No response. "Well, for you, I think maybe about an hour of bastinado."

We jolted and rocked along through scrub brush and still his expression didn't change. "You no speakum bastinado. Squinthead? Well, it's simply that I whip the soles of your bare feet with a stick. Doesn't sound like much, but it'll have you singing 'Come To Jesus' in C sharp in five minutes. Also, I'm going to dive out of this lizzy in about ten seconds."

His hand shoved the automatic a couple inches closer to my right eye. "No I'm not. I'm going to sit right here!" When he relaxed a tiny bit, I looked ahead between him and the driver and watched as our headlights appeared to thrust down an endless oncoming parade of brush. The growth showed signs of previous passage; hacked and skinned down to white bone, it said that other cars had bucked their way along this overgrown road.

I wondered where the hell we could be.

But not for long.

Ahead of us, another off-road vehicle must have been ascending a rise, for a glow of strong headlights suddenly lit up the

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face of the Durga.

Ten minutes later, Number One Son, as I called him . . . the smooth one, the linguist who had slashed me with my own gun . . . had drawn our Land Rover up on a military precise line and had ordered me to hoist Delcy out of the car. I managed to give her head a good feel as I was hauling her out and found a nasty knot behind her ear that promised to keep her dreaming for a few more hours.

I stood holding her in my arms on a ruined courtyard of quarried slabs, with rank grass growing up between the irregular mortice joints. Several strong flashlights showed that this had been a sort of wide entranceway to the temple on which had been erected the statue of the Ugly One. All was wracked by the ages, but still functional. One anachronism; set against the weathered carvings of the stone walls was a flimsy-appearing frame of lumber that had been hammered up to support an oil or gas drum. It stood high enough from the canted floor to gravity-feed a truck. A corner of my very busy mind found time to wonder about it.

"Where's her hat?" I yelled angrily. "Send one of your louts to get this lady's hat! I mean it, dammit!"

Number One Son put a strong light in my eyes, then waved it away and cracked out an order. In seconds, a skinny little hatchet man trotted up with Delcy's black velvet picture hat and stuck it crookedly atop her lolling head. Score one for my side. A silly little ego trip, but it tasted good to my pride.

"Now, take her inside," said Number One. He flashed his powerful light into the entrance of the shrine. Steps led down to blackness.

I shrugged Delcy into a fresh grip and walked to the descent. Someone behind me held a light on the crumbling stones that led down before me. Carefully, I took them, one at a time, swinging my burden with each one to enable me to spot the next one. When the bottom landing was reached, the beam of the flash swung imperiously. The tunnel of light opened up a dank hallway lined with massive doors of blackened wood that hung on hinges of flacked green copper or bronze. We passed one large recess that contained a powerful-looking transmitter and receiver; behind it, a startled operator who goggled at us until he saw the Chinese in our wake. At the next door, Number One told me to stop. It was a cell, with old but strong appearing bars and lock. I pushed open the door with my foot and walked in to deposit Delcy on the sack-covered cot. "Ok," I said. "Now

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what?"

Number One shrugged. "I call my people and see what they want me to do with you two. Maybe kill you. Maybe just a beating. Maybe nothing. *Quien sabe*?"

"*Quien Sabe*, eh." I measured the distance between us . . . between me and the .45 he held pointing at my gut. "Hey, that's real clever man. Real clever for a two-bit Chink eavesdropper."

He smiled with pained nobility. "Mao says, 'Ignore the taunts, for they come from weakness. Pity the weak.' And I sure do pity you and her."

The cell door slammed shut as he kicked it. He tested the lock and found it firm.

"May I have my gear bag, Honorable sir? You look it over. There's nothing dangerous in it, and I've gotta have something to do all day."

"I was going to give it to you. I checked it out, and you can have all but the little transmitter." He stuffed the big Colt beneath the band of his Daks. "Just in case she doesn't come to, I've got something for you to occupy your time with." He snickered nastily. "But maybe you don't care if your women are unconscious."

"You filthy. . ." I growled. Then, considering my position, I knocked it off and asked flatly, "What is it you have?"

He fished in an inner coat pocket and tossed me a packaged deck of playing cards. Chinese characters were printed on the box. "Be a big winner," he said cheerfully, and walked away.

A glance showed me Delcy hadn't stirred. I gently pushed back her lids; the eyes showed no indication of concussion, and her breathing was regular. She'd probably go another hour of sleep. As I was tucking some of the sacking over her, a key rattled in the lock. Two of the bully boys stood there, one with a gun on me, the other shoving in my bag of equipment. I waited until they'd locked up and left, then began a careful exploration of the cell.

Cracking out of it would be a tough job for a team of men with picks and pry bars. The back wall was a solid slab of stone; the side walls were of blocks each as big as a VW, and the metal fittings that held the bars and door looked good for another couple of centuries. As for picking the lock! That was something that happened only to experts or in poor crime novels.

Somewhere nearby, but muffled by walls, came the fast popping of a gasoline generator. Probably power for the transmitter and receiver. And it also explained that big drum of gas outside the entranceway. So, while waiting for Delcy to come to, I went through my equipment

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bag. All was there but the tiny transmitter that Number One had removed, and a couple of large screwdrivers which could be sharpened on stone to make rather formidable weapons. I got out the recorder, tested it to see if it was operable, then erased the Mission Impossible sequence I'd put on it in L.A. I set it for "Record," plugged in a tiny non-directional mike, and shoved it under the cot Delcy was on. Then, after scanning the rest of my gadgets, and realizing I wasn't up to constructing some sort of handy-dandy atomic pistol this day, I settled down in a corner of the cell and got out the cards.

What a sadistic bastard! The deck Number One had given me sure wasn't Bridge, but some crazy sort of Oriental game . . . Fan Tan, for all I knew. But I devised a wild sort of Blackjack and managed to win a couple hundred dollars from myself.

Delcy said, "Nick! What happened?"

I went on putting out cards. "A car came up behind us," I said, "and you pulled over. We were both slugged and brought here. Why did you pull over when they blinked their lights. Why, Delcy?" I got up and sat beside her cot.

Long silence. Then, "Ok, Nick. I was part of it. Why lie anymore."

"Why, indeed?"

About thirty seconds went by in silence. Then to cover the click of the switch, I coughed as I turned on the recorder. "What's it all about, Delcy?"

"All right, Nick; here it is from the beginning. I am Delcy Mason. I'm unmarried, and originally from Florida, not Oklahoma. I'm a professional nightclub entertainer with just enough voice to carry a naughty lyric and enough piano to make a sophisticated tinkling. For the last year or so, I've been working hotel bars and supper clubs in Australia, Ceylon, and India." She paused and looked at me doubtfully. "Do you believe me so far?"

"Not until I can hear you with a piano, Delcy."

"Yeah. Don't guess I blame you," she said quietly. "Well, I was working on the other side of Calcutta in a nice place, and one of my constant fans was Wong. About a month ago, I finally accepted an invitation from him to. . ."

"Just a moment. Who is Wong?"

"The English-speaking Chinese guy. The guy who shot you tonight, I thought. What happened?"

"The little gun went off when he hit me."

She caught a deep breath. "That's what I guessed when I woke up and saw you here. Thank God." When I didn't reply she went on. "Well, anyway, he was a fun companion. No paw-

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ing. Took me out to crazy oriental places. A good guy, I thought. Then, one evening in a Chinese strip lounge, I drank something that made me pass out. The next thing I knew, I woke up in my hotel room with about thirty Polaroid pictures scattered around the bed."

Long pause. I knew what came next. "And they were dirty pictures, right? With you starring, I'll bet."

She seemed relieved I'd stated it for her, and so matter-of-factly. "They were so awful I quite literally threw up, and I'm no saint, Mr. Barlow. But they were totally disgusting. And they'd posed me so that no one could tell I wasn't conscious."

Later that day, good friend Wong, Number One, calls her and offers to give her the other set of prints . . . the originals . . . if she'll do a spot of work for him. She says no. Never wants to see him again. She may call the police, even. He laughs at that. Says it's an easy job.

"And if I didn't, he was going to send copies of the pictures to my father in Jacksonville. Nick, my father is a minister there, and he's getting old. He'd never in a million years be able to take a thing like that. And mom would know something was wrong, and she'd get it out of him, and I honestly believe it would kill the two of them. So . . . you know. I gave in. Cigarette?"

I found one, and a pack of matches. I lit her smoke.

"It wasn't awful what he asked. He simply wanted me to somehow keep you from ever showing up at the Trade Fair. Even gave me some knockout drops to use if you got stubborn. I was going to use them at the place on Kariah Road we went to. Remember?"

I nodded.

"But I couldn't. I . . . I liked you too much."

"Thank you, Delcy. And I also remember you got bashed in the head protesting when you thought I'd been shot."

She puffed nervously at her cigarette, then swung her legs down from the cot and sat up. She leveled a quizzical gaze at me. "Nick, what's so important about finding Wong's listening device? So important that you're willing to die for it?"

"What do you mean, 'Die?' They're just going to hold us here for a few days."

She shook her head. "I don't think so. Wong's a big businessman in Calcutta. Import-export, real estate, loans. He knows everybody. He's a member of every fraternal club in town, and a big spender in the various charity drives. I don't think he'd dare let you loose when you hold a kidnapping rap over him. The same goes for me, too."

I was inclined to agree with

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her. "Nonsense, Delcy," I lied. I clicked off the recorder. "We'll be out of here as soon as I get what I want!"

"What's that?"

"His confession!"

Some boiled pork and rice in two tin plates was brought to us around eleven. I told the goon I wanted to see Wong. He snickered and trotted away.

We were ready for him. I'd slid the cot down closer to the steel bars and parked the recorder beneath the near end. I'd concealed an extension mike cord, as best I could, that led to a sensitive little non-directional job which hung from the top frame of the door. . . hopefully out of sight from anyone outside.

Delcy and I were playing my crazy blackjack when he stalked up and said, "You rang?"

"Jesus, but you're funny," Delcy said.

I glanced up at him and kicked on the recorder, "Wong, I've got an idea we're not getting out of here, so just for the hell of it. . . and to satisfy my curiosity. . . would you tell me why you want to bug the trade conference?"

He grinned, studied me for a while. "Why not? As you must surely know by now, I hired Miss Mason to keep you away from the fair by any means. She did a lousy job. There are many reasons a businessman would like to listen in but I am more than a businessman. I am head of contracts and procurement for a special branch of the Chinese army. A colonel, actually. I have learned that India wants to buy one hundred small, one-man jet trainers. Japan is supposed to have the inside track on building these for India. But when we learn their bid. . . through the bug. . . we will name a price much lower."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because, my imperialistic fascist slob, sometime soon after they have been delivered, a strong force of the Chinese army will move down through Nepal from Tibet. We will annex a corridor running from Delhi to Calcutta. Now, naturally, India does not seek these small jets as training jets, but as lightweight, low-cost craft for strafing. They would be for use in the high passes of Nepal and wherever else we might enter through Northern India." He paused, smiling expectantly at me.

And I bit. "But why provide India with the planes that can wipe you out?"

Wong made an almost benevolent smile. "Because, save for the first few prototypes, the planes we shall sell to them have a built-in stress of five Gs. Then the wings come off. Also, one engine mount strut is almost pure mag-

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nesium, and if flown violently enough to overheat the engine, the spar will explode. Oh, Mister American hero, these will not be safe craft to fly in battle."

The old military part of me applauded the scheme; the decent man almost wept for the scores of lads who would never return from their first sorties.

"Very clever," I told him. "Very nasty. But you haven't a chance of bringing it off."

Wong looked at me sharply. "The Indian air force doesn't bother to wring out each plane it buys. Only the first few strong ones. It will succeed all right. We've planned it according to Mao. We cannot fail. First India, then Asia!"

He was mad, of course. "Heute Europa, ein Morgan der ganze Welt," I muttered.

"What?"

"Nothing," I said. "I presume you removed the bug that I found and put it elsewhere."

Wong snickered. "No need. You won't be doing anything about it."

"True," I admitted.

"Well, it is now almost noon. I shall have lunch at the Hilton, then a nice long nap to get in top shape for tonight's meeting at the Trade Fair. India and Japan." He tossed me a mock salute which I honored with my back. I heard his heels click off down the hall.

Delcy regarded me steadily. "I don't mind going, Nick; really I don't. It's just . . ." Her chin trembled. "Just that this is such a cruddy place for it to happen." One big tear slid down her cheek . . .considerably less than par; I thought.

I got out the recorder, rewound the tape, boxed it and put it in my shirt pocket for safekeeping. Then I stepped over to Delcy and took her in my arms. "All's forgiven, lady. You're on my side now?"

Her head nodded against my cheek.

"Then, chin up, baby. I think I know how to get out of here. You and me and the confession!"

Wong's deck of cards.

It was made long ago. Pasteboard, not plastic.

And coated with cellulose nitrate! A piece had flicked off during my 21 game with Delcy and, curious, I'd examined and tasted it. It was an almost pure explosive, also called nitrocellulose.

America used to coat its pasteboard playing cards with it, too. But after a few factories had vanished noisily in a couple of seconds, there had been a switch to cellulose acetate and then to plastic cards.

I scraped off a marble-sized mound of the lacquer for Delcy and touched my lighter to it. I was incautious. The *whoof!* scorched my fingers — but made me happy as hell.

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Using my "tumbler" device for a bowl, we set up a production line, she using her elegant long nails, and I a bit of sharp bottle glass I found in a corner of our cell. We had to stop once when one of our captors came by. . . instant card game going on, but in a couple of hours, we'd removed enough nitro to do the job, I guessed.

By reaching out through the bars and around to the keyhole, I let my fingertips tell me the size of the opening. I'd have to devise some sort of funnel to it. By folding a playing card lengthwise and ripping one end at a slant I had something I thought would work.

"You going to blow it now?" Delcy asked.

"We'd better wait until after dark. We'll have a better chance of making it down that hall and out. Say just at the middle of twilight. That's the time when even an expert shot misses easily. No, we'll wait. I don't even want to fill it now in case someone would try to put a key in."

So we waited. Now that Delcy had a little hope, she was superb. We rehearsed what we'd do. Once the lock shattered, we'd both go down the hall faster than we'd ever run, but trying to keep side by side. I'd try to take out any of Number One's goons who showed himself, but she was not to stop for anything. She'd be carrying the tape, and in the sad event I got detained, she was to swipe one of the Land Rovers and take it to the local cops with the news of awful things going on at check-point Durga. Beyond that we'd ad lib.

We told each other funny stories of our childhood.

We mentioned favorite songs, movies, books. We argued.

And when she expressed worry about her parents' receiving that packet of photos, I grandly told her that Will Noah had friends in high places who could put a post office "cover" on incoming mail and would automatically hold out any letter from India. And on second thought, I realized he actually could do this.

Gloom began to infiltrate the corridor outside. I gave it an hour more, then began pouring cellulose nitrate into the ancient lock. When it would hold no more, I got Delcy to stand where I felt there was least danger of her being hit by flying metal. I gave her the tape of Wong's boastful confession, which she tucked into her raincoat pocket. She was putting on her floppy black spy hat when our eyes locked and we went into each other's arms. For a long sweet moment, we kissed. I realized I was mighty fond of this girl. Maybe even in love with her.

"Here we go, baby," I whispered. "Turn around to the wall." She nodded and I held my equip-

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ment bag between my gut and the bomb. It was an almost new Gladstone of fine tough leather, but I had no illusions about it being twelve gauge steel. Keeping my head turned away, I took a last drag from my cigarette, then reached out and around and stuffed it into the keyhole.

The bag punched against my body, and above the roar of the blast I heard the whine and ricochet of metal leaving the vicinity. A rain of tinkling noises ensued as fragments spanged against the stone walls, floor and ceiling. With a badly ringing head, I shoved against the door. It opened! Delcy was behind me pushing. I turned to look into her grin of happiness and we raced out down the dust-filled hall toward the square of fading daylight.

About twenty feet away from the exit, I collided with a burly goon who came racing out of an intersecting hallway. He tried to get cute, putting his foot in my stomach and grasping my lapels for a roll back toss. He was badly out of practice, or self-taught, for I easily twisted away and pushed him hard onto the stone floor. Then, picking up speed, I managed to step on him between the legs as I went over. It must have smarted for he yowled like a banshee.

And we were out of the temple, racing up the steps to the lovely outside world. I grabbed Delcy's elbow to bring her along more quickly and we topped the rise of the steps to find what looked like a score of snakes coiled, arched, and wriggling on the stone of the courtyard. My stomach lurched. A cobra reared up before me and without thinking I slammed it down with a powerful swing of my bag. It sailed the reptile ten yards from us and Delcy said calmly, "They're cold blooded creatures, Nick, and they're coming in to lie on the warm stones of the temple for the night."

We couldn't stand here, silhouetted against the sky, but my body yelled to return to the safe, non-snake realm of our cell.

"Hey," Delcy yelled, and pointed to a Land Rover parked to our right just beside the gas drum atop its filmsy scaffolding. She moved off toward it, and ahead of her a huge snake reared.

"No!" I yelled madly and ran toward it to draw it away from her. It dodged my first swing of the bag and my second, but the third connected and knocked it to the pavement. Behind me a shot rang out. I felt and heard the "ka-whinggg" as the slug ripped past my head.

Another shot sounded, and spinning about I saw the Chinese I'd knocked down standing on the top step pointing a pistol with both hands, arms

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outstretched in my direction. This stance can be either a sharpshooting posture for an expert or the gun-shy clutch of an amateur, so without waiting to find out which the man was, I grabbed up the stunned cobra behind the head and hurled it in his direction. It was a double shock . . . to find myself actually clutching a snake and to find that I was still only about twenty feet from the entrance.

The snake twisted through the air and hit the man threatening me in the face. Again he screamed and toppled down out of sight. "Bite him," I yelled. "Kill him," and sprinted to the car. The door swung open and Delcy pushed herself cleanly over the gear shift lever. I dropped it into gear and twisted the key that some superconfident idiot had left in the ignition. The motor caught instantly and I felt the car jolt as another shot hit it.

"All right, you bastards," I roared. "You need to keep occupied, huh!" In low, I shot us forward and the right fender took out a supporting stilt beneath the gas drum. The entire structure creaked down and deposited the container roughly on the stone. Swinging into reverse, I backed up against it and bucked it along the pavement to where it rolled into the entrance hole. Then back into low and I gunned off, praying that some stupid idiot would fire on us again, for there was a strong stench of gasoline, indicating that the drum had ruptured badly as I'd manhandled it along over the rough pavement. Then it came! A shot, followed a microsecond later by a massive "crumf!" of the gas exploding. As I jounced over the irregular blocks, the rearview mirror showed me a blazing man running head down and knees high before falling in the midst of the waiting snakes. Above him, Durga's nasty head was wreathed in flames for a moment before it nodded slowly and plunged down to make a shower of sparks splinter the violet sky.

In four-wheel drive, I bucked the car through the jungle scrub and finally onto Chahutta road. I stopped for a moment to pull Delcy to me for a victorious kiss. "We made it, dear! It got a little hairy for a bit, but we're out. The next part is fun."

"Nick," she murmured, "is there a dispensary at the Trade Fair?"

"There has to be. Why?"

"When I was running to the car...shot...right arm... " She slumped back against the car seat.

I undid the top button of her raincoat and pulled it down over her shoulder. There wasn't enough light to see clearly, but it appeared to be a clean wound, not bleeding much. Leaving her

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raincoat as it was, for it pulled her arm tightly against her body, I shoved the drive lever into two-wheel position and roared left for the final two miles.

A Gurkha soldier waved me to a stop at the entrance. I indicated Delcy. "Get me your commanding officer. Hurry! This girl's been shot."

He briefly flashed his light on her, then trotted over to the gatehouse and scooped up a phone, spoke, then slammed it down. "Pull over there, sar," he said, and indicated an area where four jeeps were parked. I did as ordered and when I got out an enormous Sikh major came up to me. "I have an ambulance coming. She'll be all right."

"Good." I remembered to take the tape from her raincoat pocket and the equipment bag from the back seat. "There's something else, major." I explained what I had to do. He thought it over a moment, then spoke to the gate guard.

"Send two armed men to stand at the door of Hanoi Traders. No one is to come in or go out."

"Yessar!" He snapped a salute, which the officer languidly acknowledged, and ran for the phone. An army ambulance came and went with Delcy and the major and I piled into a jeep. On the way, I got out the recorder and threaded up the tape. We slid to a halt before the conference building and, before entering, I smashed the glass of an emergency box with my elbow and took out the spiked fire axe. The officer raised an eyebrow at this, but said nothing. He muttered in Hindustani to the man stationed outside the door and in we went.

There were about fifty businessmen grouped around two long conference tables, most of whom glanced up curiously at the natty giant in the Indian Army uniform and at the scruffy, dirty, unshaven civilian with the fire axe and recorder. The major strode to the head of one of the tables and held up a hand for attention. After quickly getting it, he said, "Gentlemen, the man with me has some important information. Please bear with me. Thank you." And, almost as an afterthought, "Oh, and no one will leave this room until he is finished." He nodded at me and I went to the podium and set up my recorder. The big major took up a post against the door.

I located my thumbnail mark on the wall and swung the point of the axe into the wood. Then turning the head to one side, I pulled back on the handle until the thin veneer peeled back exposing the bug. I plucked it from the joist it had been tacked to and held it up. "A transmitting device." I spotted Wong

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then, his face a contortion of rage and fear.

Then I turned on the tape and raced past Delcy's voice to Wong's. Astonishment hacked at his smooth face as he heard himself say, "Why not? As you must surely know by now, I hired Miss Mason to keep you away from the fair by any means. She did a lousy job— "

Wong stood. "Throw this fool out of here," he said loudly. "He's a business enemy of mine, trying to embarrass me."

"Gentlemen," I said, as calmly as possible. "You've heard the tape speak and him speak. Now compare the voices again." Back on with the tape: ". . . nrrp these are many reasons a businessman would like to listen in, but I am more than a businessman. I am head of contracts and procurement for a special branch of the Chinese army. A colonel, actually. I have— "

Wong dove from his chair in a dead run for the doors, my little .25 in his hand. The major there stepped to one side, swung open one of the doors which Wong ran into with his face. The huge officer clamped a gigantic hand over Wong's and bore down. Even from as far away as I stood, I could hear little bones crack as the Chinese Colonel slumped to the floor in a faint.

The officer put cuffs on the man and I played the rest of the tape. At the conclusion, I asked, "Any questions? Anyone here who thinks we've got the wrong man?" Silence. I nodded at the major who picked Wong up like a baby and strode out. "You'd best continue your meeting in one of the Quonsets. They are not bugged."

I left.

The major was speaking to his two men, who had a Chinese each at gun point. A prison van rolled up and I asked one of the soldiers where the dispensary was.

Delcy was okay. Splendid, in fact. She was sitting on the edge of a hospital bed, far too much fine leg showing, a cocktail in her hand and laughter on her lips. A silver-haired Indian army doctor and two handsome intern orderlies regarded her with adoration. As did I.

The Swiss hotel manager shook his head wearily as we tottered into his lobby and headed for the lounge.

And after cussing me out for getting suckered into a *La Pression* caper, for causing an international incident, and for being unlucky in general, Will Noah slammed down his end of a trans-Pacific phone call.

A wire arrived from him the following day for five thousand dollars.

I guess I've still got a job.

And we loved our honeymoon in Bali.

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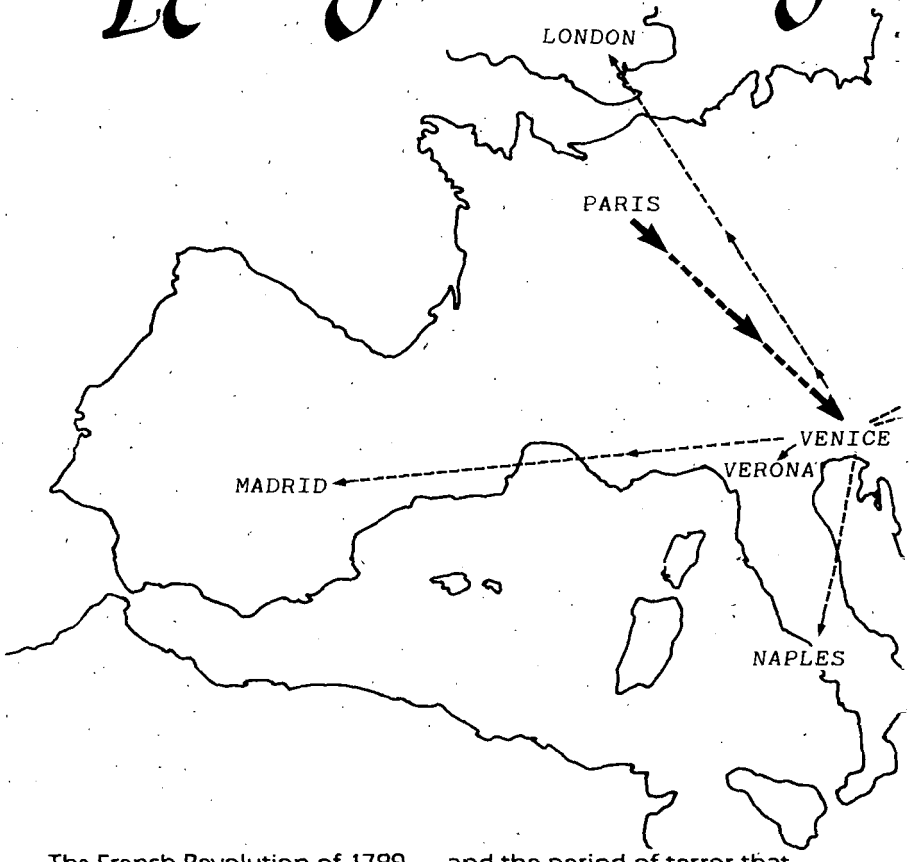
Spying Through



The French Revolution of 1789 — and the period of terror that followed — had the notable effect of producing a sizeable émigré class. Royalists, and others who found the volcanic situation that was revolutionary France too dangerous, fled their homes for calmer European kingdoms, as well as the French New World. Some ran purely out of fear of Jacobin zeal but others ran with the explicit intention of leading a counter-revolution from without their homeland. Toward this end, a great many émigrés found

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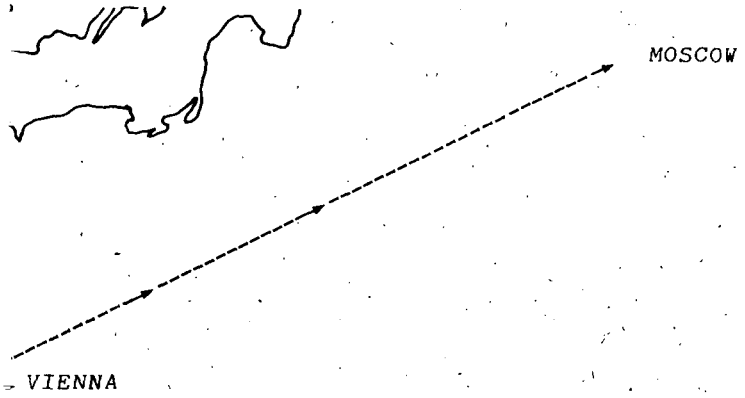
Time by Joe Lewis



themselves working in espionage for France's enemies, notably England, Austria and Spain. One such man, comte d'Antraigues, had a particularly active career in espionage, eventually running several intelligence networks from his base in Venice.

Though a relative newcomer to royalism, d'Antraigues abhorred the events occurring in France at the time. He fled first to Switzerland and then, as early as 1790, to Venice. There he published frenzied pamphlets espousing predictable, rigid, royalist doc-

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trine. While trying to rally Spain to the cause of the doomed Louis XVI, d'Antraigues met the Spanish Ambassador to Venice, Las Casas, who provided the comte with his first intelligence contacts in Paris.

Originally, d'Antraigues worked only for the Spanish and the exiled Louis XVIII. His motivations were not only political, however, but also monetary. He very quickly found it worth his while to sell his information to other than his original clients, adding Austria, England, Russia, and the Kingdom of Naples (possibly others) to his client list.

Unfortunately for d'Antraigues, his Paris network (a lawyer, a magistrate, an officer and an abbot) was discovered and destroyed by French counter-espionage units in 1797. The loss of these agents was not fatal, however, since the needs of his clients had earlier forced him to expand his espionage scope beyond Paris into all of France. His capture by Napoleon's army later that year, during its takeover of Italy, was not fatal either.

Napoleon was well aware of the comte d'Antraigues' activities. Although no amount of intelligence was likely to slow the pace of the future Emperor's military machine, Napoleon was anxious to get his hands on the émigré spy. D'Antraigues avoided capture for some time, hiding with his family in the Russian Embassy in Venice, but he was finally caught while trying to flee with them to Russia. Less than one week later, at the beginning of June 1797, Napoleon came to Venice to read the documents that had survived d'Antraigue's flight and capture, and then paid him a visit in prison. They talked into the night, just the two of them, and when the conversation was over both men had won. Napoleon had much information about royalist spies in and around France, and d'Antraigues had his life and subsequent freedom.

While this revelation of information damaged the comte's reputation and value for some time afterwards, the need for intelligence concerning France was so great in the face of Napoleon's burgeoning power that the comte was able to retain many of his clients. He worked for them until the Restoration of 1814, the climax of his career.

While it is unlikely that the comte d'Antraigues' impact was anything but minimal, in the face of changes powered by events rather than individuals, he must be regarded as having been an espionage success. He performed his mission more than adequately, eluded permanent personal harm, and saw his personal goals realized. What more could a spy ask for?

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ESPIONAGE
QUESTIONNAIRE

1. Are you male ☐ or female ☐ ?
2. What is your age group?
   ☐18-24 ☐25-34 ☐35-44 ☐45-54 ☐55+
3. What is your marital status?
   ☐Married ☐Single ☐Separated/Divorced ☐Widowed
4. What is the highest level of formal education you have attained to date?
   ☐Attended H.S. ☐Graduated H.S. ☐Attending College
   ☐Attended College ☐Graduated from College ☐Enrolled Prof/Grad School ☐Graduate Degree
5. Which of the following best describes your present employment status?
   ☐Employed full-time ☐Employed part-time ☐Not employed
6. What is your title or position? _____
7. What range best represents your *total* household income before taxes?
   ☐Less than $15,000 ☐$15,000-$19,999 ☐$20,000-$29,999
   ☐$30,000-$39,999 ☐$40,000-$49,999 ☐$50,000-$74,999
   ☐$75,000 or more
8. Which of the following best describes your household?

Owned by self or other household member	**Rented**
☐House	☐House
☐Condo/Co-op	☐Apartment
☐Other	☐Other

9. What best describes the area in which you live?
   ☐Urban ☐Suburban ☐Rural
10. In what city/state/province do you live? _____
11. Which of the following have you purchased in the last 12 months?

☐Home Computer	☐Television	☐Watch
☐VCR	☐Jewelry	☐Piano/Organ
☐Car	☐House	☐Typewriter
☐Stereo	☐Airline Tickets	☐Boat
☐35 mm Camera	☐Stocks (Commodities)	

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12. Which of the following have you participated in, in the last 12 months?
☐Tennis ☐Skiing ☐Golf ☐Racquetball ☐Bicycling ☐Fishing
☐Health Club ☐Running/Jogging ☐Boating
☐Backpacking/Hiking ☐Swimming

13. Do you typically read espionage novels?_____If yes, how many per year? Paperback_____ Hard Cover_____

14. Do you read digest-sized magazines other than ESPIONAGE, i.e., mystery, science fiction, adventure magazines? If so, please list them _____

15. When do you do your primary reading of these kinds of magazines, including ESPIONAGE?
☐Bedtime ☐Commuting(☐car ☐airplane ☐train ☐other)
☐On Vacation ☐Weekends ☐ Pleasure travel(☐car ☐airplane ☐train ☐other)

16. Do you like the balance of fiction to non-fiction in ESPIONAGE? ☐Yes ☐No

17. Would you prefer:
☐More non-fiction ☐More fiction ☐More *Did You Know*
☐More humor ☐More "other"

18. What kinds of fiction stories would you like to see in ESPIONAGE? _____

19. What kinds of non-fiction stories would you like to see in ESPIONAGE? _____

20. Other than the obvious (Le Carré, Deighton, Higgins, etc.), whom would you like to see interviewed in ESPIONAGE?

_____

21. Do you like our present features:
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About Other Things — ☐Yes ☐No On File — ☐Yes ☐No

22. What other features would you like to see in ESPIONAGE?

_____

23. Would you recommend ESPIONAGE to a friend? ☐Yes ☐No

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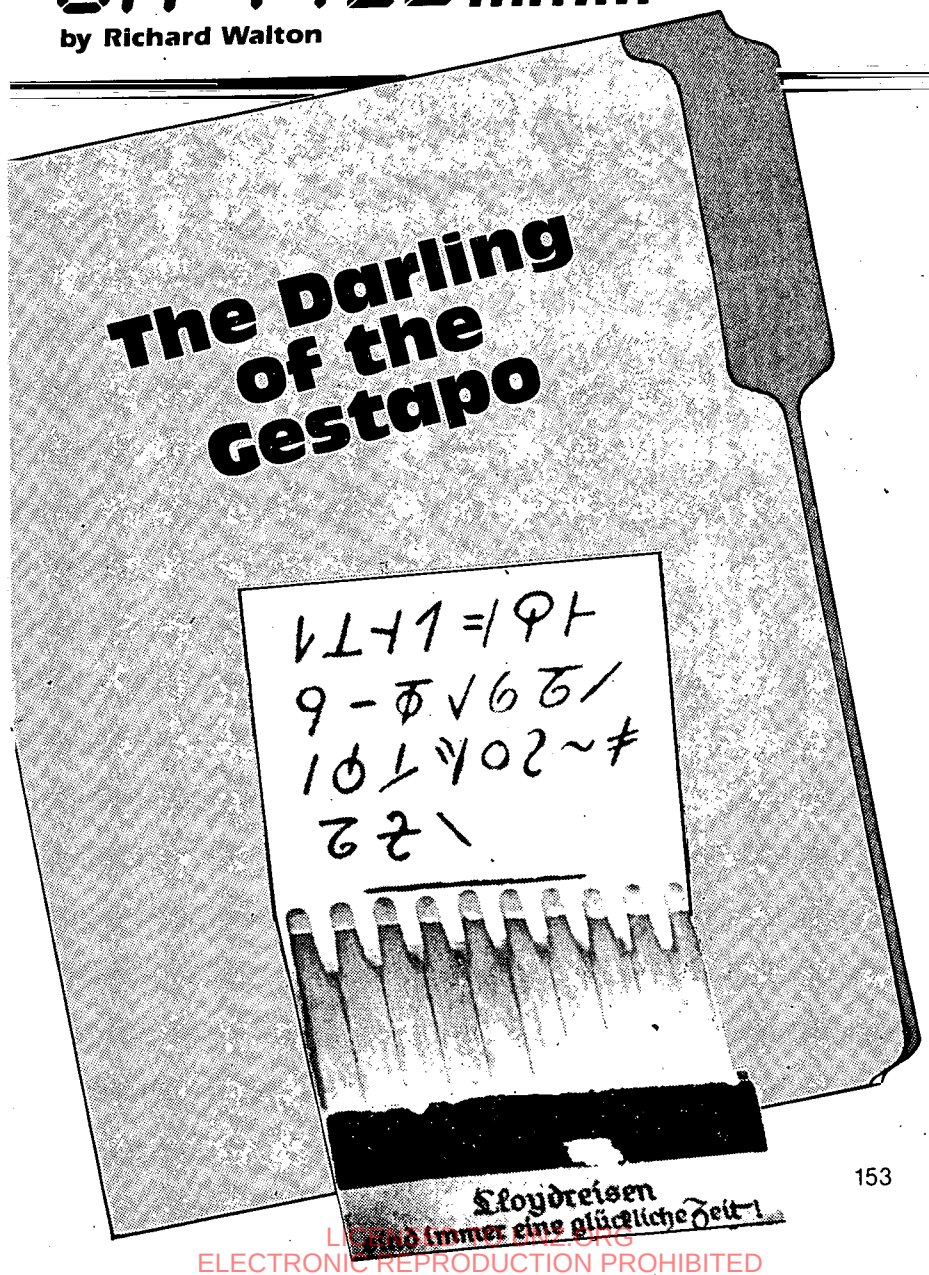
ON FILE.....

by Richard Walton

The Darling of the Gestapo



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The Storm Troopers lining the deck of the luxury cruise-liner Europa, on its way across the Atlantic to America, were the elite of the Nazi Party. Blond, bronzed and blue-eyed, some had competed in the 1936 Olympics and others were world-famous skiers and alpinists. All were fanatically prepared to die for the leader who strode across the deck to inspect their morning parade. And that was surprising, for their leader was a glamorous, young, red-headed woman.

Super-spy Jenni Hoffmann, the darling of the Gestapo, was the Fuhrer's favorite, next to Eva Braun (he called her his uncrowned queen of the Atlantic), and she was on her way to invade New York long before Germany and America went to war.

Not unnoticed, but unsuspected, her cover aboard the North German Lloyd liner was perfect: She was the beautician who gave rich passengers the latest fashion tips from Paris and Rome, as they were being groomed in her salon.

Star pupil of Heinrich Himmler, 24 year-old Jenni had a deadly plan to kidnap a presidential aide and steal coastal defense plans from him, and plans, too, of the new carriers Yorktown and Enterprise. She and another diehard Nazi, Karl Schluter, controlled a secret commando squad of 180 Storm Troopers aboard the ship, disguised as waiters, stewards and crew, who received daily orders before passengers were awake. Jenni's power was absolute and even the captain took orders from her.

▲ Jenni Hoffmann

In those peaceful days of 1937, no one dreamed that German spies were stealing defense secrets or that Hitler's spy chief, Carl Busch, was boasting in Berlin: "I have a spy in every American shipyard, aircraft factory and airfield and know details of American warships before they are launched." Nor could anyone have known that waiting for Jenni in New York were powerful friends in the German-American Bund, who were impatient for jackboots to march into Times Square and up the White House steps.

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Things might have gone on like that but for English postman Joe King, who tossed a spanner into the Nazi spy works in January 1938.

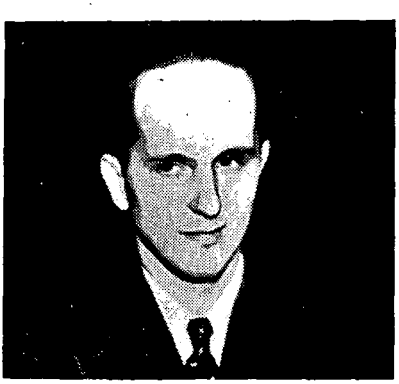
King was a philatelic fan and wondered why a little old lady, Jessie Jordan, in Dundee, Scotland, got mail from all over the world but mainly from Germany and North America. He tipped off British Intelligence who opened the old lady's mail. They learned something interesting. Jessie was the widow of a German soldier who had been killed in the Great War, and she hated the British. To express this hatred, and to prove her loyalty to Berlin, Jessie was acting as a relay station for a world-wide Nazi spy ring.

One of the letters she was passing on — to a man named Spielman, in Bremen, an Abwehr agent — revealed a plot to kidnap Colonel Rolf Eglin, an aide close to President Roosevelt. Eglin was to be sent a letter on White House stationery (printed in Berlin) with Roosevelt's forged signature on it, inviting him to a top secret conference in a Broadway hotel in New York. He was to take with him all the plans of the U.S. coastal defense and naval bases on the East Coast, and he must tell no one. He must not even check back with the "writer," his own president! When he reached the hotel, Jenni and her goon-squad were to kidnap him and steal the plans, killing him if he resisted.

MI5 quickly alerted American Intelligence and Eglin was transferred to a secret hideout. However, in their prompt reaction to this situation, they missed an ideal opportunity to catch the Nazis in the act.

But luck came their way. Another of the letters MI5 had intercepted named a renegade U.S. Army deserter, Gunther Rumrich, as a friend of Nazi sympathizer Ignatz Griebl, a well-known New York surgeon. Rumrich was ordered to get blank U.S. passports for Jenni and Schluter when they arrived with the kidnap commandos. Cheekily, Rumrich posed as a State Department Official, telephoned the Treasury Department in New York, and asked them to send 34 blanks around to his hotel.

They sent top FBI agent Leon Turrou instead, and he pulled a supreme bluff on the surprised Rumrich: "We've already picked



▲ Gunther Rumrich

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up your buddies on that kidnap plot. . ." he began casually.

"That's impossible!" Rumrich retorted, leaping to his feet in disbelief. "The snatch doesn't take place until Jenni and Karl arrive. . ." And he suddenly stopped, realizing he had fallen into Turrou's trap.

When the Europa glided into harbor the next day, Turrou and his men searched her from stem to stern. Schluter was not aboard — having been mysteriously taken off somewhere en route, possibly by a U-boat — but Jenni was there in her neat, figure-hugging white uniform.

They followed her ashore, to the end of the pier where she was obviously expecting Rumrich to meet her. Instead, Turrou cautiously approached her.

"Who are you?" she demanded hesitantly, green eyes flashing in the moonlight. Turrow told her on their way downtown to FBI headquarters.

During her interrogation, Jenni flatly denied being a spy or knowing Rumrich and his friend Doctor Griebl. Then Turrou opened a side door and beckoned the deserter in. "Come inside and meet an old friend," he invited.

With the chips down, Rumrich had rapidly changed sides. He walked up to Jenni, seated himself in a chair where he elegantly crossed his legs, reached over and tapped her on one shoulder. "We've missed you in New York," he smiled affably. "How are you and Karl?"

Jenni tried to bluff it out but she was quickly defeated. Another FBI agent came into the interrogation room with a packet of letters he had found in her cabin aboard the Europa. Some were in code, a key to which was found in the lining of her handbag, and one was a letter to Rumrich inviting him to get the passports for her and to make contact about stealing the aircraft carrier plans.

She began to talk. She admitted carrying secrets to Germany from Dr. Griebl, whom she implicated as a family friend of Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda wizard, and of American Bund "Fuhrer" Fritz Kuhn, saying that Dr. Griebl was the most important Nazi agent in the United States.

When confronted with Jenni, the doctor paled, but he, too, tried to bluff it out. He might have succeeded but for Turrou's smoking habit. He took a matchbook from the doctor's desktop to light a cigarette and when he was about to toss it back on the desk, he noticed something and stiffened. Inside the cover were figures identical to the code key found in Jenni's handbag.

It was then Griebl's turn to talk. He told of their orders from Berlin to buy a large house in Washington D.C., where American officers, deeply in debt, would be invited

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▲ FBI Agent Leon Turrou

▲ Dr. Ignatz Griebl

to relax with wine and beautiful women. Then the blackmail would begin . . . military secrets in exchange for silence. He explained the ways in which German agents were smuggled back to Germany on the cruise liners, and how a special unit of Gestapo hit men operated in New York as enforcers, particularly against Jews.

Foolishly, the FBI released Griebl on bail. He promptly vanished. He was certainly aboard the liner Bremen when she sailed from New York; the captain refused to hand him over. Perhaps he went aboard voluntarily but it is more likely that he was a prisoner of Jenni's snatch-squad, who were taking him back for punishment because he had talked. In any event, nothing was ever heard of him again.

Rumrich went to jail, as did Jenni. They were imprisoned in Alderson Prison, in Virginia — neither sentenced to death as they had spied in peacetime. As court judge Knox told her, while she nervously fingered her slender neck during the sentencing: "We don't sprinkle sawdust to soak up the blood of our prison yards as your people do!"

When the war was over, Jenni returned to Germany and, like Griebl, vanished.

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TRIVIA

1 - Which well known spy novelist began his adult years as a theological student, was subsequently ordained, spent five years in holy orders, and then left the church as an agnostic?

2 - His Father was a Swedish count before emigrating to the United States in 1924. A highly respected author, his most famous series character, Matt Helm, was portrayed on the screen by Dean Martin. Who is he?

3 - In The Quiller Memorandum, by Adam Hall, Quiller's superior was identified only as "Control." In a later book, The Striker Portfolio, "Control" was more fully identified. What name was he revealed to bear?

4 - Of the fourteen James Bond novels written by Ian Fleming, that were made into movies, Sean Connery starred in six, and Roger Moore starred in six, as well. Who assumed the role of Bond in the remaining two films?

5 - Philip Atlee wrote twenty-two counterespionage novels featuring Joe Gall. What was Gall's code name?

6 - In The Avenger series, John Steed was teamed with Mrs. Emma Peel, who he met as the result of an automobile accident. They worked together for three years, after which Mrs. Peel left "for personal reasons." What were those reasons?

7 - Which U.S. Intelligence Agency assumed custody of Alexander Mundy (in It Takes A Thief), employing his talents as a safecracker, gambler, thief and seducer in the interests of national security?

8 - Which unarmed combat method is unique to Peter O'Donnell's espionage agent, Modesty Blaise?

These Trivia questions, and their answers, were taken from information supplied in The Cold War File, by Andy East, c 1983, The Scarecrow Press.

A SPY TALE

Each of the following ten sentences has two dashes. To fill in the dashes, a hint is given in the form of a synonym in parentheses at the beginning of each sentence. To fill in the second dash,

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you must find a word that, if spelled backward, is the one you have found to fill in the first dash.

EXAMPLE: (Trap) With the use of a net, many fish were caught in ten minutes.

* * *

Prior to the Normandy invasion, a group comprised of C.I.C. and F.B.I. agents were assigned to invade a house on the Normandy coast. They were to cross the English Channel by submarine.

1. (vehicle) When ready, the group was taken by _____ to the _____.

2. (sections) They carried equipment of which many _____ were held together by a _____.

3. (little light) It was _____ in the _____ part of the day. Gloomy.

4. (above) In the house, in the kitchen on _____ of the stove, a _____ was hanging from the ceiling.

5. (piece of furniture) One of the agents, standing on a _____, found _____ inside the pot.

6. (vessel) Inside, he also found a largish _____, which contained a bottle of vodka, cigarettes and _____.

7. (negative) However, _____ member of the team was permitted to drink while _____ this assignment.

8. (large vessel) Simultaneously, another agent dropped a _____ in the bathroom, _____ it did not break.

9. (prints) Eventually the agents found _____, which they studied while eating lunch; bread, _____ and soda.

10. (demon) The house appeared so miserable that, the agents agreed, only the _____ could have _____ in it.

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Any agent worth his cover will locate 34 cloak and dagger terms in this

ESPIONAGE SEARCHWORD!

Y	O	U	N	D	G	H	R	I	C	X	K	G	B
C	S	P	Y	I	R	E	T	C	O	D	E	E	D
P	Y	U	S	A	M	O	S	C	V	D	N	T	I
Q	U	A	R	R	Y	E	P	C	E	A	I	C	S
H	E	O	O	V	C	U	L	I	R	P	T	N	G
S	F	F	C	R	E	G	F	O	T	E	S	L	U
I	N	T	E	L	L	I	G	E	N	C	E	U	I
I	S	T	R	D	S	R	L	A	F	A	D	O	S
R	T	H	O	S	S	T	A	L	K	T	N	N	E
C	L	O	A	K	T	N	R	I	A	T	A	P	E
I	G	L	H	D	G	I	T	A	O	N	L	I	B
T	C	A	T	N	O	C	N	S	P	Q	C	Z	L
A	C	K	I	H	E	W	S	G	M	O	L	E	R
M	E	R	C	E	N	A	R	Y	E	T	O	M	O

Alias
CIA
Clandestine
Classified

Cloak
Code
Contact
Coup

Cover
Covert
Disguise
Drop

Informer
Intelligence
Intrigue
KGB
Leak

Mercenary
Mole
Net
OSS

Quarry
Raid
Ring
Secret
Shadow

Spy
Stalk
String
Surveillance

Suspect
Tail
Tape
Trap

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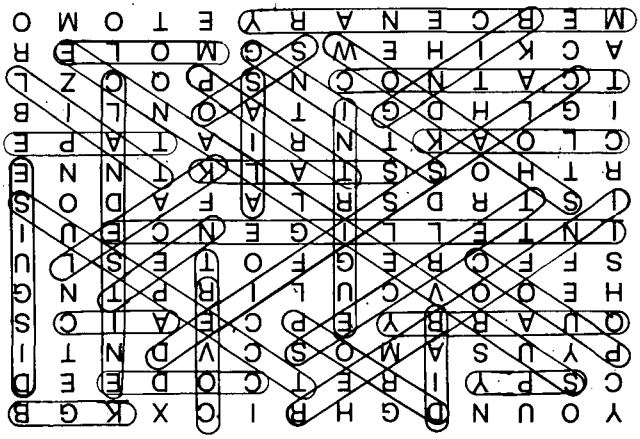
Solution to the TRIVIA quiz

1 - John Gardner.
2 - Donald Hamilton.
3 - Parkis.
4 - David Niven in Casino Royale, George Lazenby in On Her Majesty's Secret Service.
5 - The Nullifier.
6 - Mrs. Peel's husband, Peter Peel, who had been lost in the Amazon jungle, returned and they resumed their marital relationship.
7 - The S.I.A.
8 - The Nailer: Modesty's stripped-to-the-waist entrance into a roomful of male antagonists. It achieved the effect of "nailing" her intended prey.

Solution to A Spy Tale

1. Bus	3. Dim	5. Stool	7. No	9. Maps
2. Parts	4. Top	6. Mug	8. Tub	10. Devil

Solution to Searchword



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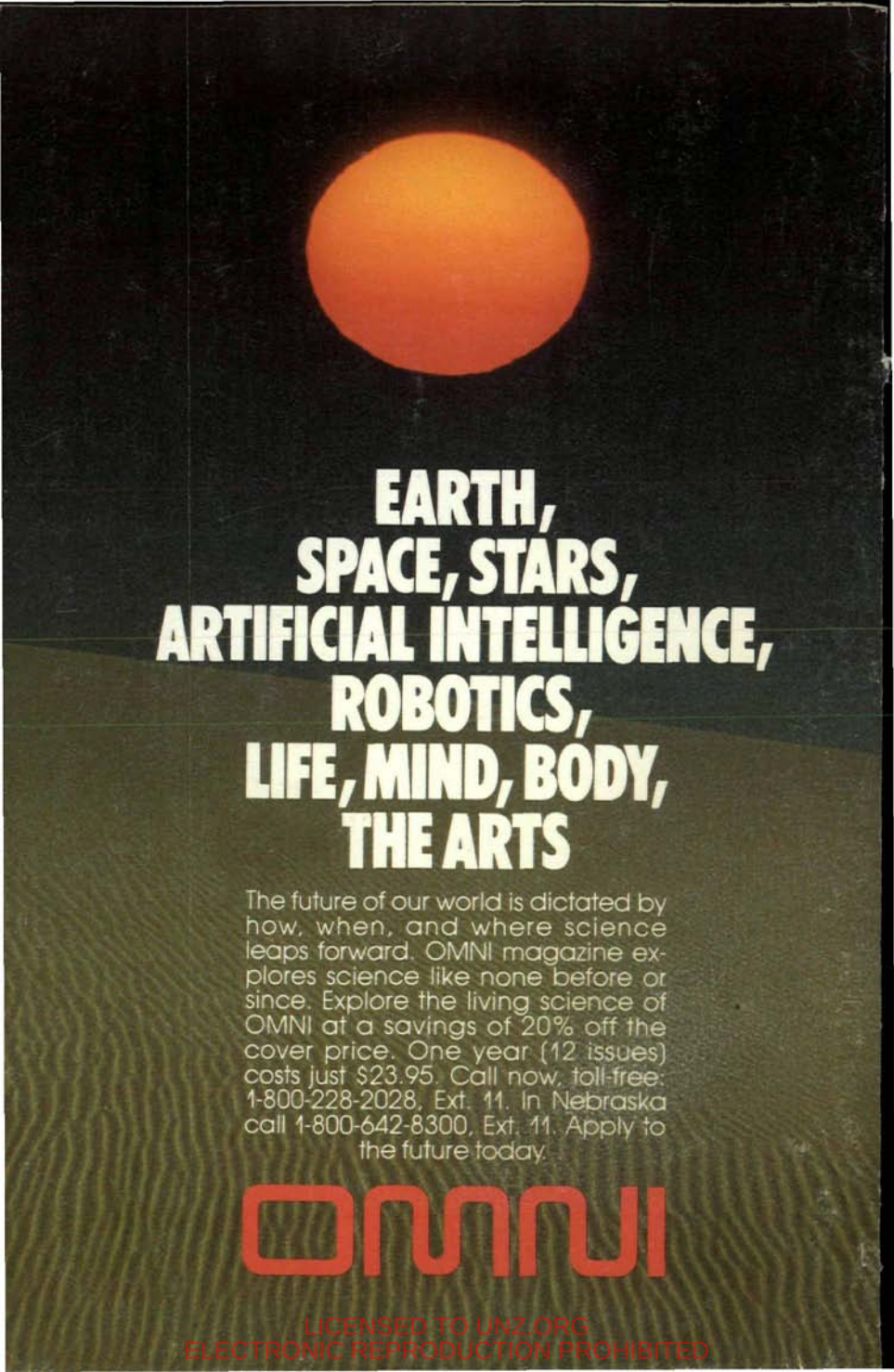
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